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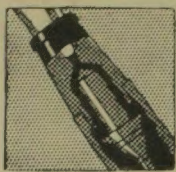
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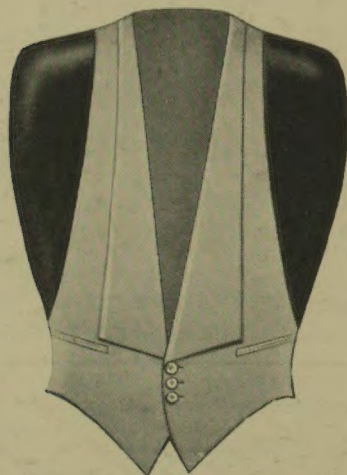


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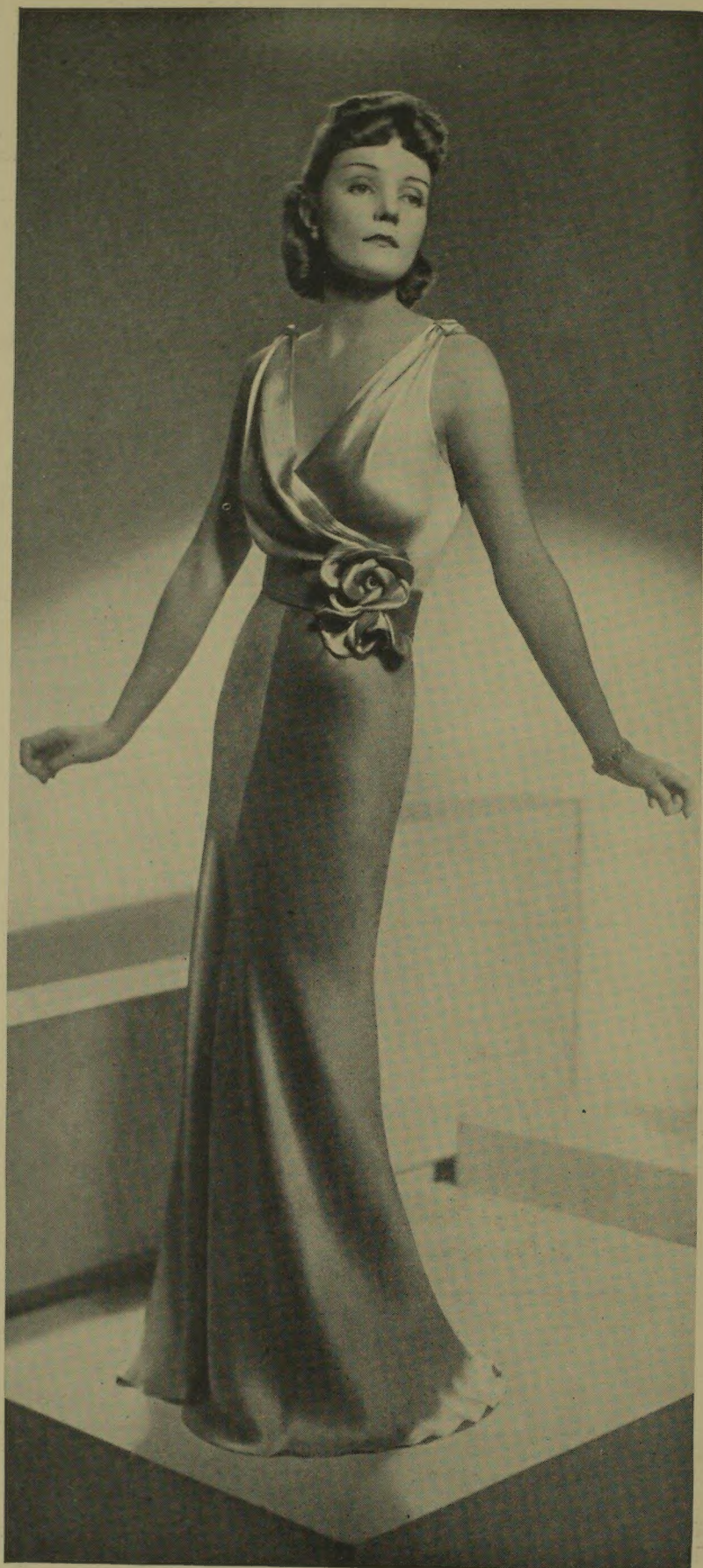
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1937.



IN THE DANGER ZONE OF THE INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT AT SHANGHAI, WHERE BRITISH SOLDIERS HAVE BEEN KILLED BY SHELL FIRE DURING THE SINO-JAPANESE HOSTILITIES: A TYPICAL BRITISH OUTPOST NEAR THE NORTH STATION.

On October 29 three men of the Royal Ulster Rifles were killed by shells in the western area of the International Settlement at Shanghai, two of them in a British post near the Jessfield railway bridge, and the third in a café. Three other men at the post were wounded, and one of them died two days later. The Japanese authorities eventually accepted responsibility for these casualties, and an official apology was made to the British Ambassador in Tokyo by the Japanese Government, expressing their deep regret, their intention to prevent a recurrence of such incidents,

and their willingness to provide adequate compensation. As noted in our last issue, another British soldier had been killed on the 24th. On October 31 three more men of the same British regiment were wounded when shells struck their huts near the Jessfield bridge post. Cabling from Shanghai on November 2, Mr. Pembroke Stephens stated (in "The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post"): "The men killed were buried yesterday. . . . The Japanese sent three wreaths. . . . The Royal Ulster Rifles have now been relieved by the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment."



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"REMEMBER, remember the Fifth of November!" We have not forgotten it. The political memory of England, so short in some things, is curiously long in others. Three hundred and thirty-two years ago a little minority group of enthusiasts, rendered reckless by persecution, tried to blow the Mother of Parliaments—King, Lords and Commons—into the empyrean. It seemed a desperate expedient. But those who planned it were desperate men. Sky-high, they argued, has no fellow. The attempt failed. A member of the Upper House obtained warning; the Council was informed; trembling legislators, attended by armed guards, inspected the cellars of Westminster, and discovered powder-barrels and the lurking Guido or Guy Fawkes. The unhappy man was seized: in due course was he hanged, drawn, and quartered. Nor did his agony end in death. The man who, infatuated by foreign ideals and foreign modes of government, so impudently challenged the English Parliament, was pilloried to all posterity. The English not only tortured him: they treated him with contempt. His name, was transmogrified into a household word of shame and ridicule; his poor stuffed image became the sport of successive generations of small English boys. To this day they carry him in jeering procession through the streets and burn him, with shouts, on a public fire. Those who meddle with foreign models are thus reminded that they are not permitted to tamper with British institutions. Subconsciously we are still an insular people.

Possibly to-day an attempt to dynamite Parliament would cause less feeling than in the seventeenth century. Parliament is not quite as popular as it once was. Three hundred years ago it did not merely pass our laws, which, though prepared to defend, few of us welcome, but preserved us, so it was held, from the unspeakable evils of Papal aggression and wooden shoes. Nobody, except a few old ladies incurably given to tracts and alarms, would claim such efficacy for Parliament to-day. We do not feel that our local M.P. is the only shield between us and the Scarlet Woman. No longer do we look under the bed to see if there is a "papist" cut-throat there in hiding: we no longer shudder at the dread names of Jesuit or Cardinal. We have grown older and wiser. Indeed, in religious matters we have developed in recent years what our ancestors would have regarded as a most surprising tolerance. Some of them, however unjustly, might have even called it indifference.

Yet it would probably be a mistake for anyone, and most of all for a foreigner, to imagine for this reason that he was at liberty to blow our now purely utilitarian legislators into limbo! Honest, plain men, we would not have them so abused. Humdrum and uninspiring as they may seem to us, they are still our own property. "A poor thing," we murmur apologetically, as we gaze at Barry's chaotic pile, but—with warning emphasis—"our own." And what we have we hold. Faced by this solid, though negative, attitude, strangers had better be careful. Trespassers in the British political garden will most certainly be prosecuted.

For if we set no exaggerated store by our Parliamentary forms of government, we do, at least, take a very English satisfaction in the feeling that

no foreigner has ever devised anything half so good. We reserve to ourselves the full right of treating their own inferior institutions with contempt. "Confound their politics," we still mutter, after making whatever polite and perfunctory obeisance may be thought necessary to the spirit of international goodwill. It is regarded over here as a horrid presumption that any foreign visitor to this country should take any part while here in political activities designed to further or maintain the peculiar institutions or policies of his own land. The only exception to this rule would seem to be when such activities are avowedly

All this may possibly be galling to abstract philosophers. But—and this is what matters in this world not of abstract philosophy but of reality—is that all experience goes to show that we are right. Our insularity of mind has not brought us the punishment that some might suppose us to merit and that other peoples are for ever hopefully anticipating for us. The sky has not fallen on the British landscape: it remains high and serene over our heads—a great deal higher and more serene, we may proudly say, than that of our neighbours. We may wear blinkers, but our noses infallibly point in the right direction.

Of course, there may be a reverse side to all this self-made prosperity. In the natural enthusiasm which we feel at our own success, we sometimes do ourselves an injury by the fervour with which we signify our disapproval of other people's less fortunate methods. In the seventeenth century we reaped the rich rewards of having become a race of Protestants and individualists: on every side our sturdy enterprise flourished. But for "Papists" and those who wore wooden shoes and worshipped images and such fal-lals, as we deemed them, we had so unmeasured a contempt that we temporarily lost our reason. The mere word "Popery" produced such a howl of anger and derision that it was enough for any unscrupulous political adventurer to use it against his opponents to reduce the whole country to Bedlam. The slightest suggestion, however ridiculous, of "Papists" in our midst sent our great-great-great-great-great-great grandparents almost crazy. The story of Titus Oates is not pleasant hearing for English ears. Nor is it a solitary one.

Even in our own enlightened age we are not altogether immune from this kind of folly. For seventeenth-century "Papist" read twentieth-century "Fascist," and we are in some danger of presenting to posterity the same appearance as our bucolic ancestors. A democratic statesman in this country, however elderly and grave, who essays to speak on foreign affairs, is expected, almost as a kind of guarantee of good faith, to include some sort of defiance of blackshirts and dictators; no sane public man who cares for his own interests dares sustain the charge, however ill-founded and airy, of Fascist sympathies. And though we are proud, and justly so, of our zealously guarded right of free speech, a Fascist in Britain finds some difficulty, to say the least of it, to obtain a hearing; he asks his countrymen to lend him their ears and they return him a shower of stones. I fancy that the reason for all this is not so much a

dislike of the political principles which Fascism denotes, as a deeply felt and not ill-founded belief that something derogatory to the dignity of England is being imposed on her from abroad. So far as the theory of it is concerned there does not seem to be a great deal of difference between what both Tory and Liberal "planners" and Socialist Trade Union elders are advocating for our future well-being, and the social and economic machinery of the totalitarian state. But what the English people will not stand for is the suggestion that where politics are concerned foreigners have anything to teach them. All their history goes to prove them right. And the immolation of poor old Guy Fawkes, dead for his folly this three hundred and thirty-two years, is a quaint reminder of the fact.



A FAMOUS CLERIC: THE LATE CANON H. R. L. SHEPPARD, C.H., D.D., CANON OF ST. PAUL'S AND FORMERLY DEAN OF CANTERBURY, WELL KNOWN AS A PACIFIST AND FOR HIS WAR-TIME WORK AS VICAR OF ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS.

"Dick" Sheppard, as he was universally called, Canon and Precentor of St. Paul's since 1934, died at his desk on Sunday, October 31. He was perhaps the most prominent British Pacifist, and through his efforts was formed the Peace Pledge Union. As its candidate he was recently elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University. He was born in 1880, a son of the late Canon Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, and was educated at Marlborough and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. In 1907 he was ordained as chaplain of Oxford House, Bethnal Green, of which later he became Head. In 1914 he was appointed Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Square, and his great work there, during and after the war, will always be remembered. While there he broadcast the first religious service thus transmitted in this country. In 1916 he was made honorary chaplain to King George V. Ill-health compelled him to resign St. Martin's, and on his recovery, in 1929, he was appointed Dean of Canterbury. This post he also resigned, on medical advice, in 1931. Later, he resumed his connection with St. Martin's as "Lecturer." Our portrait, it will be noticed, shows him in lay dress, which he occasionally wore.—[Photograph by Howard Coster.]

subversive; other people's revolutionaries have generally been able to look for shelter, if not a warm welcome, on English soil. There can be nothing but good, it is tacitly felt, in upsetting wealthy and powerful foreigners' apple-carts. Even the sympathy extended in recent months to the "legitimate" Spanish Government is no exception to this time-hallowed rule, since the Government in question is composed so largely of anarchists and communists. Such a foreign Government can do little harm, it is argued, to Britain and her Imperial Dominions. Nor is it likely to produce a permanent rival form of rule that might be made the subject of favourable comparisons with anything British. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that we have nothing to learn from foreigners.



IN the year that has seen the hundredth anniversary of Queen Victoria's Accession, it is not unnatural that the world of art and society should be "going Victorian." The prevailing vogue is evident in the theatre and the cinema, in feminine fashions, and in art galleries. An outstanding example is the remarkably interesting Exhibition of Victorian Painting at the City Museum and Art Gallery of Birmingham, which includes these pictures. It will continue open until December 1.

"JUNE 20TH, 1837"; BY H. T. WELLS, R.A. (1828-1903): PRINCESS VICTORIA RECEIVING THE NEWS OF HER ACCESSION.

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"H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR"; BY FRANZ XAVIER WINTERHALTER (1806-1873): THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN CHILDHOOD.

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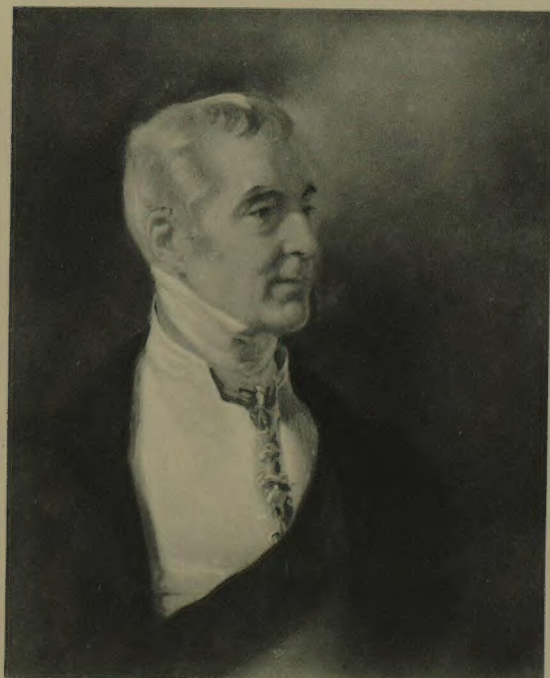
"YOUNG ENGLAND"; BY WINTERHALTER: H.R.H. ALBERT, PRINCE OF WALES, AFTERWARDS KING EDWARD VII.

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"OSBORNE, 1865"; BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A. (1802-1873): QUEEN VICTORIA WITH JOHN BROWN HOLDING HER MAJESTY'S HORSE.

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"ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G. (1769-1852)"; BY SIR GEORGE HAYTER (1792-1871), PAINTED IN 1839.

Lent by the Earl of Sandwich.



"IN WINDSOR HOME PARK"; BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER: QUEEN VICTORIA AT A STAG HUNT.

Lent by the Wolverhampton Art Gallery.



"LADY AGNETA YORKE," AS BRIDESMAID TO PRINCESS (AFTERWARDS QUEEN) ALEXANDRA; BY LOUIS WILLIAM DESANGES (1822-1887).—[Lent by the Earl of Sandwich]

PICTURES FROM THE EXHIBITION OF VICTORIAN PAINTING, AT THE BIRMINGHAM CITY MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.

THE MAKER OF THE B.E.F. AND THE TERRITORIALS.

"HALDANE—1856-1915": By SIR FREDERICK MAURICE.*

By SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

HALDANE was one of the simplest, dearest, most unworldly, and (set to a job) most able and practical men whom ever I knew. He has had to wait a long time for his public vindication, which has now come from a soldier who had almost as "rough a deal" in the war as he had. But the soldiers always admired and trusted him. He was anything but a soldier, even though he did

and some of my soldier friends have been urging this upon me. In my opinion you should make Kitchener your War Minister. He commands a degree of public confidence which no one else would bring to the post. I have just had a long talk with Sir John French and we agreed that the five cavalry brigades and six divisions of the Expeditionary Force should be sent over at once. They can all be assembled by August 20."

At that very time, Haldane, who never put his hand to the plough without driving his furrow, was being attacked in the popular Press as a "pro-German" merely because, having been taught metaphysics long before at Göttingen by white-bearded, pipe-smoking old German philosophers of the pre-Bismarck era, he once, purely casually, said that Germany was his "spiritual home." It was, in the sense that it was Coleridge's; he liked the smoky conjectures of the German mind and he liked the German industry. But his Germany was not the Germany of the Prussian military machine; and it was a calamity when he was "sacked" ("thrown to the wolves" is the latest phrase in the newspapers) and superseded by Kitchener, who had spent most of his life in the East, was a Sapper, and thought of the Territorials as something like the Volunteers of his youth, with green facings and shaving-brushes in their hats. A year or two after the war I sat next to Mr. Asquith at a men's small dinner-party. He was always an easy man for his juniors to talk to, having none of the politician's pomp which the lesser grandees acquire, and I asked him point blank why he dropped the man whom he knew was the best man for the job and substituted Kitchener, who at once started having three different kinds of Army instead of two. "They were too

in company with his old cronies Asquith and Grey, are all recorded. What will come in the next volume will be some account of the way in which this simple soul with a genius for Staff Work carried on during and after the war, although every morning's post brought him fat bags of letters from Cheltenham and Bournemouth saying that he was in the pay of the enemy.

I saw him a good deal during those years and the years immediately after the war. Anybody else might have been made bitter. As Sir Frederick Maurice says: "Apart from mere ignorant abuse, the charges made against him were that as Secretary of State for War he had been aware of Germany's preparations and intentions and had concealed this information from his colleagues in the Cabinet; that he had, without informing the Foreign Office, engaged in an intrigue with Ballin and other German friends; that he had gone to Berlin in 1912 on his own initiative, and there proposed a bargain with Germany detrimental to our interests; and that as Secretary of State for War he had reduced the Regular Army and particularly the artillery."

The serving soldiers are not allowed to speak; they were all behind him, but he had to go.



THE YOUNG HALDANE: THE FUTURE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR (RIGHT) AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-TWO, WITH RONALD FERGUSON (LATER LORD NOVAR) IN 1888.

It was tragic irony that Lord Haldane, who, more than any single man, was responsible for the rapidity with which the B.E.F. was mobilised and made itself felt in France in 1914, should have been forced to quit the political stage largely because he was popularly supposed to be pro-German! Germany was said to be "his spiritual home," and this catch-phrase was attached to Haldane by a section of the Press. No less a person than Lord Haig described Haldane as "the greatest Secretary of State for War England has ever had."

once astonish the House of Commons by producing a walking-stick made of cordite with which he had walked down Whitehall to Westminster. But he had a passion, and a gift, for organisation, and he came into the War Office at a time when reorganisation was badly needed. The soldiers, scattered all over the world, could not do it themselves. The job, under a rather difficult Liberal Government, was taken on by a plump little Scottish lawyer-laird. He made the Territorial Army and the Expeditionary Force; and the serious soldiers, who knew that war with Germany was coming, and were passionately keen that Whitehall should be ready for it, were beyond measure grateful. It has frequently been stated that Haig, immediately after the Armistice, called on Haldane at Queen Anne's Gate with a bound copy of his despatches. Here, in this book, we have a letter from Haig of that time which says: "The organisation of our Army for war dates from then. Until you arrived at the War Office no one thought for what purpose our Army existed." The same man had written to the same man on the eve of war in 1914: "I hear that you have returned to the War Office. I hope that you will stay there. There is no one who can in this crisis do for us there what you can do." That same night, when Haldane received that letter, Haldane wrote Asquith saying that Kitchener ought to go to the War Office: "My dear A, everything here is going smoothly. No fuss nor flurry. The proclamation goes out to-morrow and Wednesday (August 5) is the first day of mobilisation. I have been thinking about you. As Prime Minister you will have no time to spare for the War Office, and I think you should hand the seals over at once. I am willing, if you wish it, to stay on in my old office,



IN THE YEAR OF THE WAR, AGAINST WHICH HE DID HIS BEST TO PROVIDE ENGLAND WITH ADEQUATE DEFENCES: HALDANE WALKING TO NO. 10, DOWNING STREET, WITH GREY IN 1914.



TWO GREAT ORGANISERS OF BRITAIN'S WAR EFFORT ON LAND: HALDANE AND KITCHENER ENTERING THE WAR OFFICE ON AUGUST 5, 1914.

Reproductions from "Haldane—1856-1915"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Faber and Faber.

strong for us," he said; I, being ordinary British public, didn't believe that. I believe the Government in 1914 had all the cards in their hands, could have given anybody any job, shut anybody up, and locked anybody up.

It is an old story now. Up to 1915 Sir Frederick Maurice tells it. Haldane's youth, University career, assiduity and success at the Bar, gradual ascent in politics

what is going to happen to the world in the future, but, if England saves the world, it will be recognised that Haldane made his contribution—as did Wellington. He believed, intrinsically, in peace, and, reluctantly, in preparation. His view was: Why should the nations so furiously rage together?—but, if they insist upon raging, we had better be prepared to rage, with the peaceablest intentions, with them.

But he never grumbled. I remember those evenings with him in his Queen Anne bachelor house. Never one grumble did I hear. We had excellent dinners (for Haldane, who had lost a fiancée in youth, consoled himself well with the pleasures of the table), and then we would go up to the top of the house, in a den crowded with photographs of the be-whiskered and bewildered German philosophers at whose feet he had sat when young and who had done him such unintentional mischief, and the coffee, and the brandy, and Sir Ernest Cassel's gold-encased cigars would come out—and then, in his high, rapid voice, he would begin talking.

It was always the same thing. He was unemployed, but longing to reorganise the Navy as he had reorganised the Army. Then we would get off to the past and how and when and where the war could have been averted. But in the end he always came back to his dear old simple self, coping with a hard and wicked world. In Sir Frederick's book, certain lines from Emily Brontë's last poem are quoted. Memory may be betraying me but I believe that every *little-à-little* session I ever had in Haldane's own house ended with him, tears in his eyes, reciting "No Coward Soul am I."

And he wasn't. He was gentle and brave; ugly, clumsy, and kind; laughed at, not unsympathetically, by his old friends Asquith and Birrell; and the salt of the earth.

It is a curious thing Haldane was a man who didn't want to hurt a fly. He was capable of going into Dick Sheppard's campaign (and Dick was in the trenches as a chaplain) and maintaining that a soldier of Christ could not, with whatever excuse, kill anybody. Nobody knows what is going to happen to the world in the future, but, if England saves the world, it will be recognised that Haldane made his contribution—as did Wellington. He believed, intrinsically, in peace, and, reluctantly, in preparation. His view was: Why should the nations so furiously rage together?—but, if they insist upon raging, we had better be prepared to rage, with the peaceablest intentions, with them.

* "Haldane—1856-1915: The Life of Viscount Haldane of Cloan, K.T., O.M." By Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.Litt. (Faber and Faber; 18s.)

THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE'S JUBILEE: HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.



WEEKLY CHOIR PRACTICE: IN THE CHAPEL AT THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE, ENGLEFIELD GREEN, SURREY,
SCENE OF CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND FREE CHURCH SERVICES.

The Royal Holloway College, Englefield Green, Surrey, is celebrating its jubilee this year. It was founded and endowed by Thomas Holloway, at a cost of £800,000, as a memorial to his wife, with the object of providing an institution for the higher education of women. Mr. Holloway was born in humble circumstances. At the age of thirty he went to London to seek his fortune, and joined forces with an Italian named Albinolo, who was selling patent medicines of his own invention. When his co-worker died, in 1839, he rapidly increased the business by advertising methods. He was, in fact, a pioneer of "modern salesmanship," and is reputed to have spent £45,000 a year on advertisements. The site for the College was purchased

in 1874, and the first brick was laid on September 12, 1879. The buildings, which are in the French Renaissance style in brick, were designed by W. Crossland. Holloway died in 1883. Two and a half years later the College was opened by Queen Victoria, who was presented with a gold casket surmounted by a portrait-model of the founder and a gold key set with some three hundred diamonds. Prince Christian, Queen Victoria's son-in-law, became its Chairman. The first students went into residence on October 4, 1887, and eight of them were present at the Jubilee dinner, at the Savoy Hotel, held on October 16 last, with the Archbishop of Canterbury as the chief guest and with Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, chairman of the

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY WILLIAM DAVIS.

[Continued overleaf.]

THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE'S JUBILEE: THE FOUNDER'S



ABOVE: IN FRENCH RENAISSANCE STYLE: THE FOUNDER'S QUADRANGLE; WITH A STATUE OF THOMAS HOLLOWAY (THE FOUNDER) AND HIS WIFE, IN WHOSE MEMORY THE COLLEGE WAS BUILT.

Continued. Governors, and the Earl of Athlone, Chancellor of the University of London, of which the Royal Holloway College forms part, presiding. It was enjoined in the foundation deed that every student must have a separate sitting-room and bedroom, and provision was made for a library, reading-room, museum, and picture-gallery. The collection of pictures was formed by Thomas Holloway and includes a large Turner and a fine Constable. Originally, students took university

LEFT: INCLUDING WORKS BY CONSTABLE, TURNER, AND PRITH COLLECTED BY THOMAS HOLLOWAY; THE PICTURE-GALLERY; WITH A STUDENTS' CLASS BEING INSTRUCTED BY MR. CAREY, THE CURATOR.

QUADRANGLE; DINING-HALL; PICTURE-GALLERY; AND LIBRARY.



ABOVE: THE DINING-HALL: A ROOM WHERE WOODWORK CAME FROM OAK-TREES GROWING IN THE GROUND—ON THE WALLS, PORTRAITS OF THE FOUNDER AND MRS. HOLLOWAY.

examinations at Oxford or London, but an Act of Parliament in 1899 recognised the Royal Holloway College as a school of the University of London and its Principal was a member of the Senate. The laboratories were added in 1927 and are some distance from the main buildings. That intended for the study of botany contains valuable collections bequeathed to the College by Dr. Margaret Benson, who was the first woman professor there. The Chapel is used on Sundays for both Church of England and Free Church services and possesses a fine organ, which is played from the balcony. On

(Continued overleaf.)



RIGHT: THE ARTS SECTION OF THE LIBRARY, WHICH, AS A WHOLE, CONTAINS NEARLY 26,000 VOLUMES AND IS AN IMPORTANT FEATURE OF THE COLLEGE MAINTAINED BY AN ANNUAL GRANT.

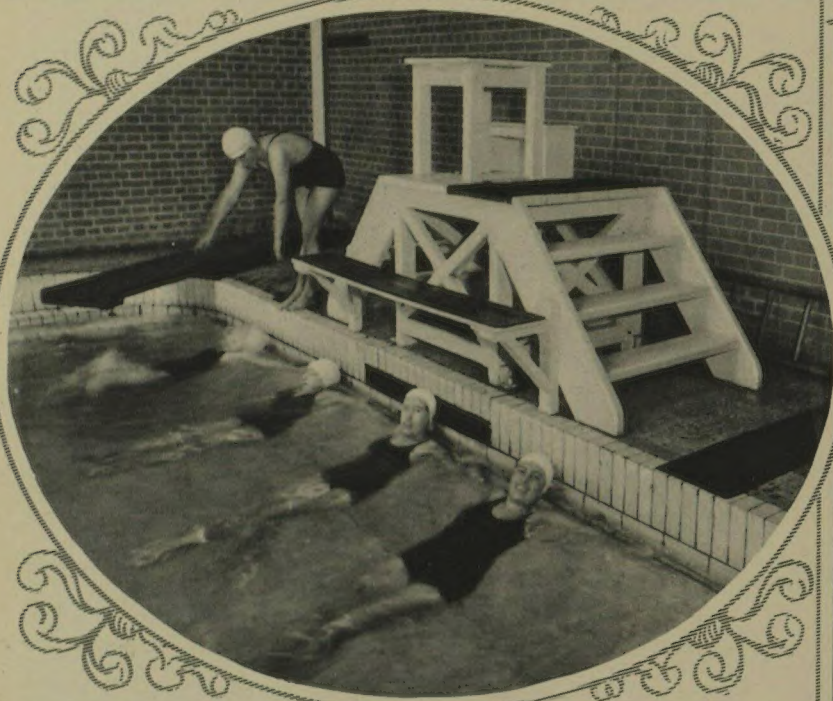
THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE'S JUBILEE: PERSONALITIES AND AMENITIES.



A STUDY AT THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE, WHERE EACH STUDENT HAS TWO ROOMS, AS ENJOINED IN THE FOUNDATION DEED—A BEDROOM AND A STUDY IN WHICH SHE CAN WORK OR ENTERTAIN HER FRIENDS.



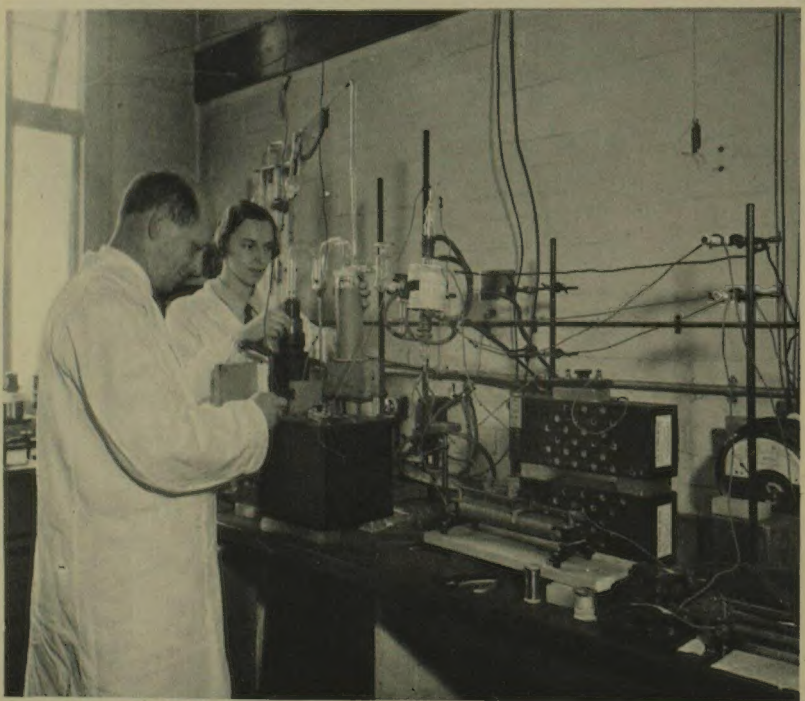
FURNISHED IN 1931 BY PAST AND PRESENT MEMBERS IN MEMORY OF MISS HAYES ROBINSON, FIRST STAFF LECTURER IN HISTORY, 1899-1911: SEMINAR ROOM, WITH PROFESSOR HILDA JOHNSTONE INSTRUCTING HISTORY STUDENTS.



WITH A RECENTLY ADDED HEATING AND FILTRATION PLANT, SO THAT THE STUDENTS CAN MAKE USE OF IT ALL THE YEAR ROUND: THE SWIMMING-BATH AT THE COLLEGE, WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1894.



THE PRINCIPAL OF THE ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE: MISS J. R. BACON IN HER STUDY WITH HER TWO SECRETARIES, MISS M. T. STEPHENS (LEFT) AND MISS M. J. SCOTT (RIGHT).



SHOWING THE STAFF LECTURER IN PHYSICS, DR. C. J. SMITH, AND MISS E. M. WILLIAMSON, ASSISTANT LECTURER, ARRANGING THE APPARATUS FOR AN EXPERIMENT: ONE OF THE RESEARCH ROOMS IN THE PHYSICS LABORATORY.



DEMONSTRATING THE SPECIMENS GROWN IN THE BOTANICAL GARDEN IN THE COLLEGE GROUNDS: MISS M. G. COLES WITH A GROUP OF STUDENTS IN THE HERBARIUM IN THE LABORATORY FOR BOTANY.

Continued.

October 12 Queen Mary, accompanied by Princess Helena Victoria, visited the College and was received by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who presented the Governors and the Principal, Miss J. R. Bacon. Her Majesty, watched by the 168 students, then planted an oak-tree in the grounds near the North Tower

to commemorate the occasion. After touring the buildings, Queen Mary went to the dining-hall, where senior students and visitors were assembled, and took tea at the high table. Later the College Choral Society gave a concert in the picture-gallery and the Fencing Club entertained the distinguished visitors with a display.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY WILLIAM DAVIS.



A FLEET AS SEEN BY BOMBERS ABOVE THE CLOUDS: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN DURING UNITED STATES NAVAL MANŒUVRES IN THE PACIFIC, SHOWING THE DIMINUTIVE TARGETS PRESENTED BY THE FIGHTING SHIPS.

In spite of the decision of Great Britain and other leading Powers to continue building capital ships, there can be no doubt that the bomber's power of attack has been so developed nowadays as to make it a menace to even the finest ship carrying the latest anti-aircraft artillery and armoured efficiently against bombs. The three main forms of air attacks on warships are (1) bombing with heavy bombs, from large, fast machines flying at great height; (2) dive-bomb attack; and (3) attack by aircraft carrying self-propellant submersible torpedoes dropped into the sea nearly a mile from their target. Our illustration gives an idea of what a modern fleet would look like to aircraft engaged in the first form of operation, with the machines

flying at about 10,000 feet or rather less. At this height, even the big ships present but diminutive targets in the vast expanse of the ocean. Height bombers would probably attack in numbers, all dropping their bombs simultaneously on a selected ship, hoping that at least one missile would "get home." Wireless control in the air is now so efficient that the officer commanding a formation of bombers could let his projectiles drop in a simultaneous "barrage." Even if several machines were destroyed, their loss would be nothing compared with the sinking or disabling of one great battleship. On the other hand, the bombers would not be undisturbed, even at these heights, for modern anti-aircraft guns can range up to 20,000 feet.

THE QUESTION OF THE MECHANISATION OF THE ROYAL SCOTS



WHEN THE REGIMENT WAS STYLED "THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF SCOTS DRAGOONS" AND WORE GREY CLOTH UNIFORMS: A TROOPER IN 1682.



CHARGING THE FRENCH HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY, WHOM THEY BROKE FROM THE FIELD: "THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF NORTH BRITISH DRAGOONS" AT MALPLAQUET.



WEARING THE GRENADEER CAP PROBABLY GRANTED AS A DISTINCTION FOR THEIR GALLANTRY AT RAMILLIES IN 1766: A TROOPER OF 1742.



THE SCOTS GREYS, DISMOUNTED, ASSISTING THE ALLIED INFANTRY TO TAKE AN ALMOST IMPREGNABLE POSITION: THE BATTLE AT SCHELLENBERG—A FEW WEEKS BEFORE BLENHEIM, 1704.



WEARING A PLAIN COCKED HAT WITH A SCALE LOOP AND A WHITE FEATHER, AND A SWORD CARRIED IN A WAIST-BELT: THE REGIMENT'S UNIFORM BETWEEN 1795 AND 1812.



"CES TERRIBLES CHEVAUX GRIS": THE SCOTS GREYS CHARGING FRENCH CAVALRY AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.



WITH THE "EAGLE" HE CAPTURED FROM THE 45TH FRENCH INFANTRY AT WATERLOO: SERGEANT CHARLES SWART OF THE SCOTS GREYS. Detail of a Contemporary Print Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.



WEARING A BEARSKIN WITH A BRASS PEAK BEARING THE REGIMENTAL BADGE: A TROOPER OF THE REGIMENT IN 1915.

The suggestion given publicly the other day that The Royal Scots Greys were to become a mechanized unit met with a storm of protest which was voiced by Scottish Members of Parliament, who sent a round robin to the Secretary of State for War pointing out that The Royal Scots Greys are the last cavalry regiment in Scotland, that the horses which caused Napoleon to exclaim "Ces terribles chevaux gris" are held in great esteem by the Scots, and that the Greys have, in effect, always acted as the Household Cavalry for Scotland. At the time of writing, no decision had been given as to the change mentioned, but it was expected that Mr. Hore-Belisha would make a statement in the House this week. The Royal Scots Greys were

raised in 1678 and, at first, were employed in hunting down the Covenanters, who were creating unrest in Scotland. In 1681 three additional troops of dragoons were raised and the whole formed into a regiment styled "The Royal Regiment of Scots Dragoons." The troopers wore a uniform of grey-cloth. Their name may be derived from this, for it was not until about 1702 that the regiment was mounted on grey horses and became known as "The Scots Regiment of White Horses." Soon afterwards, this title took the well-known form of the "Scots Greys." At the Union of England and Scotland in 1707, the Regiment was styled "The Royal Regiment of North British Dragoons"; and six years later obtained rank as the 2nd Dragoons.

GREYS: INCIDENTS IN THEIR HISTORY, AND UNIFORMS WORN.



SHOWING THE LONG WHITE PLUME (NOW REDUCED TO NINE INCHES IN HEIGHT) CURVING OVER THE TOP OF THE BEARSKIN: AN OFFICER IN 1832.



THE HEAVY BRIGADE (800 MEN) ROUTING A FORCE OF 1000 RUSSIAN CAVALRYMEN: A MAGNIFICENT CHARGE BY THE GREYS AT BALAKLAVA (A BATTLE-HONOUR).



"LEFT SHOULDERS, UP! CHARGE!" THE SCOTS GREYS CHARGING GUNS DURING THE DRILL SEASON AT ALDERSHOT IN 1894. From "The Illustrated London News," 1894.



SHOWING THE CARBINE SLUNG FROM THE LEFT SHOULDER AND THE FAMILIAR BEARSKIN: A TROOPER OF THE SCOTS GREYS IN 1854.



BEFORE THEIR HORSES WERE CAMOUFLAGED BY BEING STAINED KHAKI-COLOUR—A METHOD PREVIOUSLY ADOPTED IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR: A DETACHMENT OF THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS RECONNOITRING IN THE FIELD IN 1914.



"THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY" OF SCOTLAND, NEWS OF WHOSE POSSIBLE MECHANISATION AROUSED A STORM OF PROTEST: A DETACHMENT OF THE GREYS WEARING PRESENT-DAY FULL-DRESS UNIFORM AND MOUNTED ON THEIR FAMOUS HORSES.

The grenadier cap was apparently not worn before 1706, and it is thought that the distinction was granted in recognition of their gallantry at Ramillies. The Greys were directed to wear the bearskin cap by Royal Warrant in 1768. Their Battle-Honours include "Blenheim," a few weeks before which they had gained distinction by dismounting, and assisting in taking Donauworth at the Schellenberg, July 2, 1704; "Ramillies"; "Oudenarde" and "Malplaquet"; "Dettingen"; "Waterloo," where they made their famous charge with the cry of "Scotland for Ever!" and Sergeant Ewart captured single-handed the "Eagle" of the 45th French Infantry; "Balaklava," where they formed part of the Heavy Brigade and took part in the historic attack

on a dense column of Russian cavalry, consisting of some 3000 sabres and lances; "Relief of Kimberley"; "South Africa, 1899-1902"; and many Great War Honours, including "Mons," "Marne," "Aisne," "Ypres, 1914-15," "Arras, 1917," "Amiens," "Somme," "Higdenburg Line" and "Pursuit to Mons." After the battle of Waterloo the Regiment received royal permission to bear on its guidons the badge of an "Eagle" and the word "Waterloo." In 1884 a detachment of the Greys went to Egypt and fought at Abu Klea. During its long history it has seldom been forced to retreat and only lost one standard, at Val, 1747, when a squadron was thrown into disorder by a party of Dutch dragoons retreating through their ranks.

REVELATIONS OF EARLY MESOPOTAMIAN CULTURE.

NEW DISCOVERIES AT TELL AGRAB: AN ASS-DRAWN CHARIOT, AND ART RELICS FROM AN EARLY DYNASTIC TEMPLE, WITH INDICATIONS OF BULL-WORSHIP AND CONNECTIONS WITH ANCIENT INDIA.

By PROFESSOR HENRI FRANKFORT, Field Director of the Iraq Expedition of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.
(See illustrations on the next three pages and in colour on page I.)

THE work of the Iraq Expedition of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago was concentrated during the winter of 1936-37 on two sites within the concession which lies to the north-east of Baghdad: namely, those of Tell Agrab, described in this article, where the early dynastic temple was further excavated, with Mr. Seton Lloyd in charge (see *The Illustrated London News*, Sept. 12, 1936, p. 432 ff); and Khafaje, where an older temple was followed down to the period of its foundation. Our results at this latter site will be published in this journal at a later date.

As described in the previous number referred to above, Tell Agrab lies about forty miles slightly north of east from Baghdad, and is a conspicuous landmark for many miles around, a long, crescent-shaped hill lying in an exceptionally flat stretch of desert. Something of its isolated position can be judged from Fig. 2, where the horizon to the north can be seen as an unbroken line; to west and south the horizon is as unvaried, but to the east of this site the first range of Persian mountains can be seen, some eighty miles away.

Excavations proceeded at the temple. It is interesting to note that a sacred building, although a more imposing structure than the surrounding private houses, yet remained at a lower level than these. This is explained by the fact that temples and public buildings were kept in better continual repair, so that fewer wholesale reconstructions were required, and rubbish did not accumulate so readily in the precincts. The hills surrounding the excavated area are formed by the small houses of the people who worshipped in the temple, who were constantly rebuilding their houses on the foundations of the earlier ones, with the result that the ground level gradually rose above that of the temple near by. Fig. 2 is a view of the temple taken from the south, with its large forecourt in the right foreground and the actual sanctuary in the middle of the background. Owing to the slope of the ruins, much had been denuded by wind and rain.

Fig. 3 shows the sanctuary in greater detail: in the background is an altar consisting of two platforms, the further one rising to an unusual height; the stairs which led up to it can be seen on the left of the altar, two of the treads showing up in a beam of sunlight. On the right a small room of unknown ritual purpose adjoined the altars, while on the left a very narrow doorway—camouflaged by the stairs—led to a sacristy consisting of two rooms, in which most of the objects discovered in the temple were found hidden. The baked brick foundation of an offering table can be seen in the middle of the photograph, while in the foreground walls of an earlier period of the temple, aligned on a different plan, are being excavated.

The objects discovered in this temple are of two types. Some of them were made in the period during which the temple was finally, for some reason unknown, deserted. Others are older and formed part of the temple treasury; and both these periods are also represented at Khafaje. One remarkable object from Tell Agrab, dating from the latest period of occupation of the temple—about 2700 B.C.—is a sculptured mace-head of gypsum ornamented with four lions' heads (Figs. 11 and 12). Fig. 11 shows the base of the mace-head still set in the copper cup which once had been fixed to the shaft of the weapon.

Members of the community sometimes set up statues in the temple to their god; three of these, made of copper, are shown in Fig. 13. They are solid and badly corroded, and have eyes made of shell inlaid in bitumen. Copper statuary of this period is very rare, and the three figurines do not give us a fair impression of the products which the metal-workers of the period turned out. This is shown by the discovery of a copper chariot (Figs. 14-19 and page 795), which was also a great surprise for other reasons. Small as the object is (it stands but 3 in. high), it shows an astonishing wealth of detail; so much so that it has been possible for Messrs. Aumonier—from drawings made by Mr. Seton Lloyd—to employ their usual skill in reconstructing the model illustrated on page 794, which renders faithfully such technical details as the construction of the wheels and the harnessing of the four asses. The discovery of this chariot brings a strong argument to bear on the hotly-debated question as to whether horses were known to the ancient Sumerians, in favour of those who contend that they were not. The animals are exceedingly well

characterised, and mouths, ears, tails, and general shape establish beyond doubt that these are not horses, but unquestionably asses.

These chariots were used in warfare, playing the part assigned to the cavalry of later times. It is therefore possible that the charioteer once held a spear, and not a whip, in his right hand. His kilt has been carefully tucked into his belt, as though he were "girded for battle." Our illustrations also show how he kept his position, a difficult feat in a springless vehicle moving swiftly over rough ground. His feet rested on a small ledge, fixed above the axle, on either side of a kind of centre-board—to which the single shaft, carrying the yoke, was connected—on which he stood astride and gripped it with his knees. The yoke was fastened to the collars of the inner pair of animals; the outer pair pulled on the collar of their neighbours, for even their short trace seems to be fastened to the collars of the inner pair, so that the charioteer's control must have been rather limited, especially if he did not wield a whip. It will be noticed that the reins were fastened to rings which pierced the upper lips of the animals, and the other end was coiled round the front part of the chariot by the driver, as if to ensure control over the beasts if he had



1. LIVELY ANIMAL DESIGN IN EARLY MESOPOTAMIAN ART: A FINE JEMDET NASR CYLINDER SEAL OF LAPIS LAZULI (LEFT), WITH ITS IMPRESSION (RIGHT) SHOWING MOUNTAIN GOATS IN A KNEELING ATTITUDE.



2. ON AN ISOLATED HILL IN A FLAT DESERT 40 MILES FROM BAGHDAD: THE SITE OF THE INTERESTING DISCOVERIES DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED IN THIS NUMBER—THE TEMPLE AT TELL AGRAB, SHOWING THE CHIEF SANCTUARY WITH ITS ALTAR (CENTRE BACKGROUND), ILLUSTRATED IN MORE DETAIL IN FIG. 3.



3. DETAIL OF THE TEMPLE AS SHOWN IN FIG. 2: (CENTRE BACKGROUND) THE SANCTUARY AND ITS ALTAR, WITH STEPS (SUNLIT) ON THE LEFT SIDE LEADING TO THE TOP, AND A SMALL RITUAL CHAMBER ON THE RIGHT; (FOREGROUND) EARLIER WALLS BEING EXCAVATED, AND (JUST BEYOND) BRICK FOUNDATIONS OF AN OFFERING-TABLE.

contemporary representation of an early inhabitant of Mesopotamia, that on the right of it as an example of a spirited animal study, while the restored fragment of a stone vase above on the left is interesting for its composition, the usual bull frieze being here varied by the appearance in the middle register of two lions "séjant." The painted pot to the right is important apart from its pictorial value. It confirms the evidence of a stone vase found in a previous season at Tell Agrab (*The Illustrated London News*, Sept. 12, 1936, p. 434, Fig. 10), showing that in Mesopotamia bulls were kept, and presumably worshipped, in the temple. The frieze at the top of the colour-plate (page I of the present number) is a diagrammatic rendering of the whole scene encircling the pot. It shows a bull tethered inside a building, and it is difficult not to connect the three female figures, who seem to be beating cymbals or tambourines, with some ceremony of worship, the central feature of which is the bull. The implications as regards connections with India have been pointed out in our article in the issue of this journal for Sept. 12, 1936. Neither the texts nor other monuments have so far supplied us with evidence about this curious feature, which is shown, by the seals from Mohenjo Daro and Harappa, to have been quite usual in India.

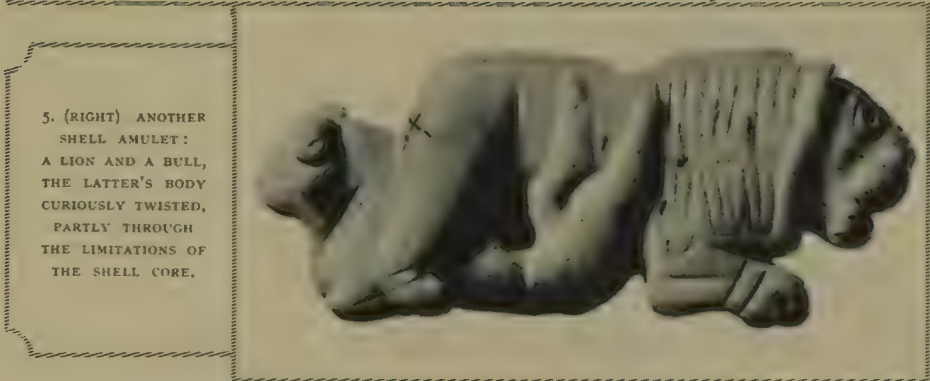
The pre-eminent importance of cattle in the economy of Mesopotamia is well reflected in the place accorded to their representation in art. Sculptured stone vases found this season, as well as in previous years, regularly show a herd carved in relief (Figs. 7 and 8), and stone fragment on colour-plate. Shell amulets, cut with great dexterity, frequently represent cattle (Fig. 4) and even a bull attacked by a lion, the former curiously twisted (Fig. 5).

The four objects depicted in Figs. 4, 5, 7, and 8 belong to an earlier age, named, after the site where its remains were first discovered, the Jemdet Nasr period (about 3000 B.C. or earlier); Fig. 1—a cylinder seal shown alongside its impression—is also of the same age, and represents a fine example of one type of seal amongst the astonishing variety which obtained at this time. Rich though the yield of objects from Tell Agrab has been during the work of this expedition, it is at the site of Khafaje that the most extensive finds of the Jemdet Nasr age have come to light, and further examples of its spirited and varied art will be described and illustrated in a forthcoming number of this journal.

SUMERIAN ART ABOUT 2800 B.C.: MASTERLY ANIMAL DESIGN,
BUT CRUDE HUMAN FIGURES—TELL AGRAB DISCOVERIES.



4. (LEFT) EXEMPLIFYING THE FREQUENT PORTRAYAL OF CATTLE IN EARLY MESOPOTAMIAN ART, INDICATING THEIR IMPORTANCE: ONE OF MANY SHELL AMULETS REPRESENTING BULLS.



5. (RIGHT) ANOTHER SHELL AMULET: A LION AND A BULL, THE LATTER'S BODY CURIOUSLY TWISTED, PARTLY THROUGH THE LIMITATIONS OF THE SHELL CORE.



6. AKIN IN THEME TO THE SEAL IN FIG. 9: A LIMESTONE BOX-LID (BOTH SIDES) FINELY ENGRAVED WITH LIONS ATTACKING THEIR PREY.



7. OF THE JEMDET NASR PERIOD (ABOUT 3000 B.C. OR EARLIER): A STONE VASE WITH BULLS IN RELIEF.



8. ANOTHER STONE VASE CARVED WITH FIGURES OF BULLS IN RELIEF, ALSO DATING FROM THE JEMDET NASR PERIOD.



9. (RIGHT) AKIN TO THE BOX-LID DESIGN (FIG. 6): A SEAL IMPRESSION, WITH LIONS ATTACKING PREY.



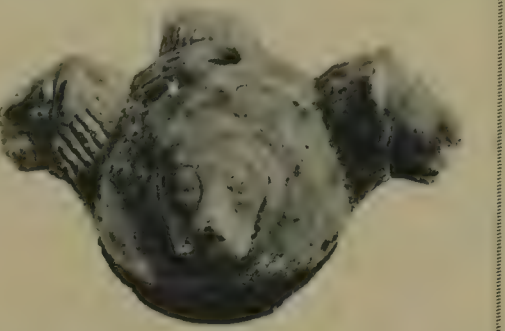
10. (LEFT) PRECURSORS OF THE CENTAUR? HALF-HUMAN, HALF-TAURINE HERD GUARDIANS, ON A SEAL IMPRESSION.

IN the carvings and seal designs discovered at Tell Agrab, Mesopotamia, as described by Professor Henri Frankfort on page 792, animals are portrayed more skillfully than human beings. Professor

(Continued below.)



12. THE SAME GYPSUM MACE-HEAD AS SHOWN ABOVE IN FIG. 11: AN OVERHEAD VIEW.



11. DATING FROM C. 2700 B.C.: A GYPSUM MACE-HEAD, WITH FOUR LION-HEADS, FIXED IN A COPPER CUP.

Frankfort emphasises the importance evidently attached by the Sumerians to cattle, and hints at the possibility of bull-worship. In connection with a vase design, including a bull, reproduced in colour on page 1, he recalls a previous vase fragment found at Tell Agrab and illustrated in our issue of September 12, 1936, showing a humped bull of Indian type unknown in Mesopotamia. In that number he said that, although no scene of animal worship had yet been found on Mesopotamian sites, it was a common motive on ancient Indian seal-stones. "Our vase fragments," he added, "put the problem of Indo-Sumerian connections on an entirely new basis."



13. WITH MOTHER-OF-PEARL EYES SET IN BITUMEN: COPPER STATUETTES OF TWO MEN AND A WOMAN, OF A TYPE RARE IN EARLY DYNASTIC ART.

THE FOUR-ASS CHARIOT OF SUMERIAN TIMES IN MESOPOTAMIA: A UNIQUE EARLY DYNASTIC EXAMPLE FROM TELL AGRAB.



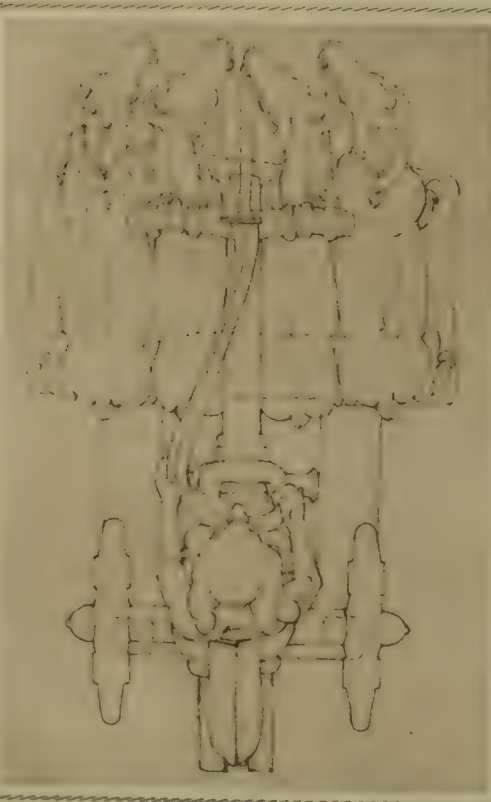
14. (LEFT) SHOWING
DETAIL OF THE
REINS AND HARNESS,
AND ONE OF THE
SOLID WHEELS
WITH STUDED
RIMS: A DRAWING
OF THE CHARIOT
SHOWN IN
FIGS. 16 AND 17.



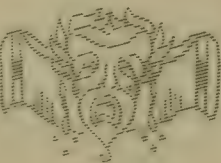
15. (RIGHT) SHOWING
THE DRIVER'S
POSITION, THE AXLE,
AND THE STUDED
RIMS OF THE
WHEELS: ANOTHER
DRAWING OF THE
SAME CHARIOT,
SEEN FROM BEHIND.



17. SHOWING ALL THE DETAILS OF CHARIOT-CONSTRUCTION AND HARNESSING AMONG
THE SUMERIANS OF THE EARLY DYNASTIC PERIOD: ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH OF THE
SMALL COPPER CHARIOT SEEN IN FIG. 16.



16. (ABOVE) A UNIQUE
DISCOVERY IN THE EARLY
DYNASTIC TEMPLE AT
TELL AGRAB: A SMALL
COPPER MODEL OF AN
ASS-DRAWN CHARIOT,
WITH ITS CHARIOTEER.
(Height of original, 3 in.)



18. (LEFT) SHOWING
THE ATTACHMENT
OF THE REINS TO
THE ASSES' MOUTHS
AND THE METHOD
OF DRIVING:
A DRAWING THAT
GIVES AN OVERHEAD
VIEW OF THE
CHARIOT.



19. WITH THE UPPER PART OF THE WHEEL REMOVED DIAGRAMMATICALLY TO SHOW THE POSITION
OF THE CHARIOTEER'S FEET: A DRAWING OF THE CHARIOT AS SEEN FROM THE LEFT-HAND SIDE.

The two photographs in the middle row above (Figs. 16 and 17) show the actual model chariot discovered at Tell Agrab—a small object (only 3 in. high), which is now in Baghdad. Mr. Seton Lloyd's four sketches (Figs. 14, 15, 18, and 19) show details observed in the original after it had been carefully cleaned and treated, and from these sketches was made the reconstruction model on the opposite page. The explanatory note on the photographs reads in full as follows: "A copper

chariot complete with charioteer and four asses to draw it. This was found in the Early Dynastic Temple, and is a unique group of great interest, showing all the details of harnessing and chariot-construction at this very early date. Like the copper statuettes in Fig. 13 (on page 793), the eyes of the driver, and also those of the asses, are made of mother-of-pearl set in bitumen." As noted elsewhere, this chariot suggests that the Sumerians did not use horses.

STUDDED "TYRES" 5000 YEARS AGO! A SUMERIAN ASS-DRAWN CHARIOT.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN YERBURY, THE BAYNARD PRESS, FOR THE IRAQ EXPEDITION OF THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO UNIVERSITY. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 792.)



NEW EVIDENCE BEARING ON THE MUCH-DISPUTED QUESTION WHETHER THE SUMERIANS USED HORSES: A WAR-CHARIOT DRAWN BY ASSES—A MODEL RECONSTRUCTED FROM THE SMALL COPPER ORIGINAL (FIGS. 16 AND 17) FOUND AT TELL AGRAB.

Perhaps the most interesting object discovered at Tell Agrab, in Mesopotamia, as described by Professor Frankfort in his article on page 792, was a small copper chariot, only 3 inches high, but fashioned with an astonishing wealth of detail. The fact that the animals harnessed to it are asses bears on "the hotly-debated question whether horses were known to the ancient Sumerians," in favour of those who contend that they were not. Another doubtful point is whether the

charioteer had a whip in his right hand (as shown here) or a lance, seeing that chariots were used in war. Professor Frankfort describes fully the construction and harness, pointing out that the wheel-rims are "milled" with copper studs, probably to grip the ground. A remarkable anticipation of the modern car-tyre! The above model was reconstructed by Messrs. Aumonier from Mr. Seton Lloyd's sketches reproduced, with two photographs of the original, on the opposite page.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE GIANT PANDA.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE recent announcement that the Zoological Society of London was taking steps to secure a living specimen of that most interesting and remarkable animal, the Giant panda, brought letters of protest to the Press, alleging that the methods of trapping were cruel. This criticism was, however, ill-informed, for, naturally, every possible care is taken to ensure that no cruelty shall attend the capture—cruelty, in any case, would render the chances of its reaching us alive extremely small. The question of transport always presents considerable difficulty, and only a fit animal stands a chance of surviving the journey. Even so, the first specimen shipped from Shanghai died during the voyage to London, and the Zoological Society are now awaiting the news of a further capture—which may not occur for some time. It is to be hoped, however, that in the near future we shall have the great good fortune to see and study this extremely rare and most strange animal "in the flesh."

At one time regarded as one of the bears, the study of its teeth and skeleton has shown that it is more nearly related to the racoon tribe, which is mainly a New World family. Its geographical distribution is strictly limited, being confined to Eastern Tibet and Western China. It was first discovered in Eastern Tibet by Père David, in 1869, in the mountains of Moupin. Its coloration, as will be seen in Fig. 1, is indeed singular, since it is white, with black ears, and with a disc of black around the eyes, and a broad black band extending from the top of the shoulders downwards to include the fore-limbs and part of the chest. The hind-legs are also black. In the matter of size it equals that of the brown bear. A female, killed during an American expedition to this region, weighed 227 lb. Naturally, from its almost inaccessible haunts, very little is really known of its habits, but it is said to feed on roots, bamboos, and other plants; but I venture to think that, when more is discovered of its haunts and habits, it will be found that our conceptions of its dietary will have to be revised. And this because of the enormous width of the skull across the cheek-bones, which is greater than in any other carnivore. For all carnivores are not flesh-eaters. The skull, as will be seen in the photograph (Fig. 2), is nearly as wide as it is long, and added to this we have to take into consideration a very strongly developed "sagittal crest," as the ridge along the hinder part of the roof of the skull is termed. Now these widely expanding cheek-bars, and the skull-ridge, show that the jaw muscles were of immense size, developed to give great strength to the bite of the jaws. As I have said, all carnivores are not flesh-eaters, or, at any rate, entirely so. The badger affords a case in point. When we turn to the teeth, we find but relatively small canines, while the pre-molars and molars increase in size from the front backwards, the two true molars being of enormous size, and evidently adapted to a vegetarian and not a flesh diet. They recall the last pre-molar of the badger, wherein the molars are absent. But, whatever the diet may prove to be, the teeth will be found to be capable of reducing to pulp either roots or bamboo-stems.

These molars of the panda are not remarkable, however, merely for their great size, but also for the great number of bead-like cusps on the hinder half of the last molar, and the small, elongated cusps, giving the appearance of cog-wheels, round the base of this tooth, and the molar in front. These are found in no other carnivore, or, indeed,

Western China. Dr. H. C. Raven, who made this dissection, found much that was of interest, but here I can mention only the fact that the gullet had a horny lining. This is a very remarkable fact, and again points to an undiscovered element in the diet of the Giant panda.

Finally, it is of interest to note that in the lower jaw the canines are placed surprisingly far forward, and that their bases have, as a consequence, crushed the front incisors so close together as to displace them, so that they do not form a continuous row. What led to this forward shifting of the canines? From this examination of the teeth of the Giant panda it seems clear that if we do have the good fortune to secure a living specimen for our Zoo, experiments must be tried of ensuring that at least some of its food affords material likely to keep these great crushing-teeth in good order; thereby digestive troubles will be avoided.

And now let me turn to a distant relation of *Ailuropoda*. This is called simply the "panda," or red cat-bear (*Ailurus fulgens*), specimens of which have, at times, been exhibited in our London Zoo. It is a very much smaller animal than its cousin, the Giant panda, and is found in the north-eastern Himalayas, at an elevation of from 7000 to 12,000 ft., and the mountains of Assam, whence it ranges into Western China. It feeds, we are told, wholly on fruits and other vegetable food. But here again, to judge by the evidence of its teeth (Fig. 3)—a very safe guide—to say that it feeds on "fruits and other vegetable food" does not suffice. For here, as in the Giant panda, we find relatively enormous pre-molars and molars, but they do not show the bead-like cusps of that animal. And here, as in the Giant panda, we find the condyle of the jaw for articulation with the skull extremely wide. And this is true also of the width of the skull across the cheek-bones, which indicates, of course, massive muscles to afford the jaws the necessary crushing-power demanded by

some element in their diet yet to be discovered. It is a forest-dweller and is said to vary its diet with eggs and insects. Though living largely on the ground, it climbs trees with ease, having sharp and semi-retractile claws.

The body is about 2 ft. long to the root of the tail, which adds another 20 in. to the total length. Its coloration is striking, being of a bright, rusty red, with darker rings of the same colour on the tail, while the under-parts and legs are black. A white muzzle continues upwards in the form of two broad stripes terminating well above the eyes. It is, finally, interesting to note that a panda about half as large again as this species once flourished in England, as is proved by teeth and fragments of jaws in the Pliocene Red Crag of Suffolk! The British Islands then formed part of the Continent, and the climate was sub-tropical.

The name "panda," by which this animal is generally known, is unfortunate, since it

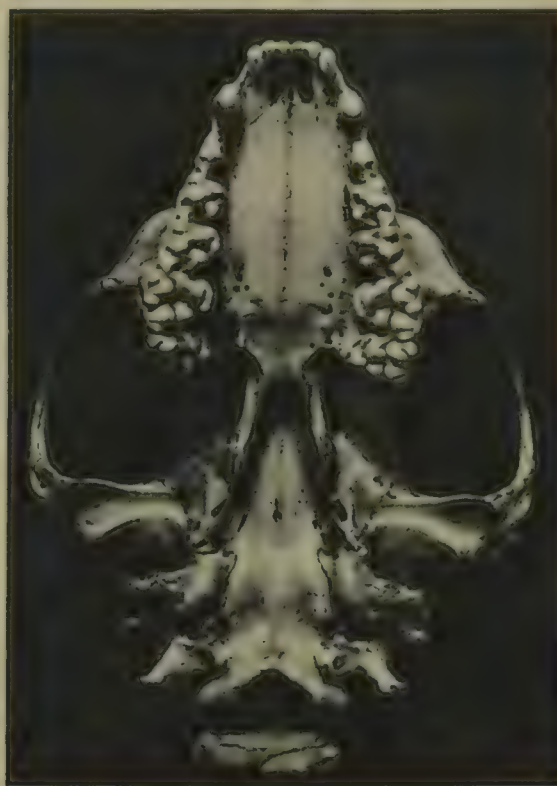
seems to imply a nearer relationship to the Giant panda than is actually the case. The bears and the racoon tribe, are evidently branches of a common stock. The Giant panda shows clearly affinities with the bears, while the panda is no less evidently closely related to the racoons, as is shown by its long, ringed tail. In the Giant panda, as in the bears, the tail has become reduced to a vestige.



1. AN EXTREMELY RARE ANIMAL WHICH INHABITS THE MOUNTAINS OF TIBET AND WEST CHINA, IS BEAR-LIKE IN SIZE AND APPEARANCE, AND IS REMARKABLE FOR ITS COLORATION: THE GIANT PANDA (*AILUROPODA MELANO-LEUCA*), A LIVING SPECIMEN OF WHICH MAY BE SECURED FOR THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.



2. INDICATING THAT, ALTHOUGH ITS DIET IS VEGETARIAN, THE MAIN PART OF ITS FOOD HAS TO BE CRUSHED BY POWERFUL JAWS: THE UNDER-SURFACE OF THE SKULL OF THE GIANT PANDA; SHOWING ITS ENORMOUS WIDTH ACROSS THE CHEEK-BONES AND THE SURPRISINGLY LARGE MOLAR TEETH, WHICH ARE MARKED BY NUMEROUS BEAD-LIKE CUSPS, WHOSE GREAT SIZE HAS MATERIALLY INCREASED THE LENGTH OF THE PALATE.



3. LACKING THE BEAD-LIKE CUSPS SEEN IN THE TEETH OF THE GIANT PANDA, BUT SHOWING, BY THE GREAT WIDTH ACROSS THE CHEEK-ARCHES AND THE LARGE SIZE OF THE HINDER CHEEK-TEETH, OR MOLARS, THAT THEY MUST BE USED FOR CRUSHING EITHER ROOTS OR STEMS OF PLANTS: THE PALATE-VIEW OF THE SKULL OF THE RACCOON-LIKE PANDA (*AILURUS FULGENS*).

no other mammal. What part they play in food-crushing we have yet to discover. The first pre-molar, it will be noticed, has become reduced to a mere vestige, behind and to the inner side of the canine.

There is one other matter of general, as well as anatomical interest. Just over a year ago, a dissection was made of a specimen killed at an altitude of 7000 ft., at Cheng-Wei,

JAPAN "BLASTS HER WAY FORWARD": A BOMB BURSTING NEAR SHANGHAI.



PREPARING THE ADVANCE WHICH BROKE THE CHINESE LINE NORTH OF SHANGHAI: THE EXPLOSION OF A BIG JAPANESE BOMB ON THE MARKHAM ROAD RAILWAY JUNCTION, ON THE EDGE OF CHAPEI—CLOSELY PACKED HOUSES IN THE FOREGROUND.

The Japanese advance which broke through the Chinese positions north of Shanghai, and induced the retreat to the Soochow Creek, was preceded by a long bombardment of Chinese back areas and communications by artillery and from the air. Eyewitnesses described the Japanese methods as "blasting their way forward" through a stubborn defence. Naturally, the Markham Road railway junction, where the line to Hangchow meets that to Nanking, received the close attention of the attackers. It is situated at the edge of Chapei, the thickly populated Chinese district to the

north of the International Settlement which suffered so heavily in the 1932 fighting. Our photograph gives an idea of the closely packed houses, in which high explosive missiles burst with terrible effect. Three big fires were started there on October 26, and when the Chinese evacuated it they appear to have fired large areas systematically and also mined certain points. Chapei and the Markham Road Station are now in Japanese occupation. Further pictures of the fighting round Shanghai and elsewhere will be found on a subsequent double-page in this issue.

WITH THE JAPANESE WHO HAVE TURNED THE CHINESE OUT OF THEIR CAREFULLY PREPARED SHANGHAI POSITION.



THE SHANGHAI NORTH STATION, WHICH THE JAPANESE REACHED IN THEIR THRUST THROUGH THE CHINESE LINES, WITH JAPANESE BOMBS BURSTING. (LEFT: HAYASHI/211).



BOMBING A CHINESE WARSHIP "STATED TO BE THE GUNBOAT 'HAI-MING'": THE SPLASH THROWN UP BY A BOMB NEAR THE VESSEL'S STERN CLEARLY VISIBLE. (CENTRE).



WAITING AT THE BUS STOP—CAMOUFLAGED JAPANESE ARMoured CARS HALTED AT AN IRONICALLY CHOSEN POSITION IN THE ONCE PEACEFUL NORTHERN SUBURBS OF SHANGHAI.



ONE OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ACTUALLY IN WUSONG, THE TOWN AT THE MOUTH OF THE WHANGPOO WHERE MANY JAPANESE TROOPS WERE LANDER: HOUSES UTTERLY DESTROYED BY SHELLING AND BOMBING.



A JAPANESE MOPPING-UP PARTY SETTING OUT TO CLEAR RUINS OF CHINESE SNIPERS: A PHOTOGRAPH THAT GIVES AN IDEA OF THE OPPORTUNITIES THE SHANGHAI ENVIRONS PROVIDE FOR A STUBBORN LOCAL DEFENCE.



THE EFFECT OF SHELL FIRE ON MODERN BUILDINGS: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BURNT-OUT NORTH STATION SHOWING HOLES MADE BY A DIRECT HIT, AND THE MARKS OF SPLINTERS.

THE Japanese launched a powerful attack on the whole of the Chapel front on October 27. Previously they had worked their way forward slowly between Tazang and Shanghai. Now, under cover of an extraordinarily heavy bombardment, they reached the North Station and the Shanghai-Nanking Railway. Following this breakthrough, the Chinese began to get clear of the Kiangwan salient, where they were threatened with being surrounded; and during the night they evacuated Chapel. Their retreat appears to have been made in good order. A few groups of volunteers elected



THE RUINS OF WUSONG: A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH MAY BE COMPARED WITH SOME TAKEN FROM THE RIVER AND PUBLISHED IN OUR ISSUE OF OCTOBER 9, SHOWING THE PROGRESSIVE DESTRUCTION OF THE TOWN.



JAPANESE OPERATIONS IN THE RUINS OF SHANGHAI: PARTIES OF SOLDIERS WATCHING A BURNING BUILDING WITH THEIR RIFLES AT THE READY, WHILE AN OFFICER DIRECTS THEM, APPARENTLY WITH A SWORD.



ANOTHER JAPANESE MOPPING-UP OPERATION AT SHANGHAI: A PARTY WEARING WHITE SASHERS, SAID TO BE TOKEN MEN WHO HAVE SWORN TO CONQUER OR DIE.

to remain behind to hold up the Japanese pursuit. One of these was the "dare-and-die" battalion, who won world-wide fame by their defence of a warehouse in the south-eastern corner of Chapel on the border of the International Settlement. The situation was the most extraordinary one, the attempts of the Japanese to shell and bomb out the defenders taking place under the eyes of a large "audience" which installed itself in the International Settlement. Finally, after holding out stubbornly for nearly four days, the defenders were given the order to retire by Marshal Chiang Kai-shek himself.

MOPPING-UP OPERATIONS IN THE DEVASTATED AREAS; A CAPTURED CHINESE TANK; AND THE WAR AT SEA.



JAPANESE UNCOMFORTABLY POSTED ON THE STEPS OF AN ORNAMENTAL PERSON FIRING THROUGH LOOHPHOLES KNOCKED IN THE BALUSTRADE: THE NEAREST MAN USING A LIGHT AUTOMATIC.



PUSHING THROUGH RUINED BUILDINGS TO TURN OUT CHINESE SNIPERS: A JAPANESE PARTY LIBERALLY PROVIDED WITH FLAGS, WHICH, IT SEEMS, WOULD AFFORD EXCELLENT TARGETS.



CHINA'S LIMITED MODERN ARMAMENT REDUCED BY CASUALTIES: A CAPTURED TANK—STATED TO BE OF BRITISH MAKE; THE ARROWS INDICATING TWO PLACES WHERE THE ARMOUR HAS BEEN PIERCED.

THE LEWINS PROVISIONED BY PARACHUTE AND RESCUED BY DINKAS.



THE RESCUE OF BRIG.-GENERAL AND MRS. LEWIN, MAROONED BY AN AEROPLANE CRASH IN THE SUDAN: THE VILLAGE OF KONGOR, WHENCE RESCUE OPERATIONS WERE DIRECTED.



THE MAROONED LEWINS: THEIR AEROPLANE LYING UPSIDE DOWN AS IT WAS WHEN FOUND; WITH THE SKID-MARKS IT PLOUGHED UP BEFORE OVERTURNING.



THE WAY BACK TO KONGOR: MRS. LEWIN BEING CARRIED IN A CHAIR BY THE RESCUE PARTY OF DINKAS.



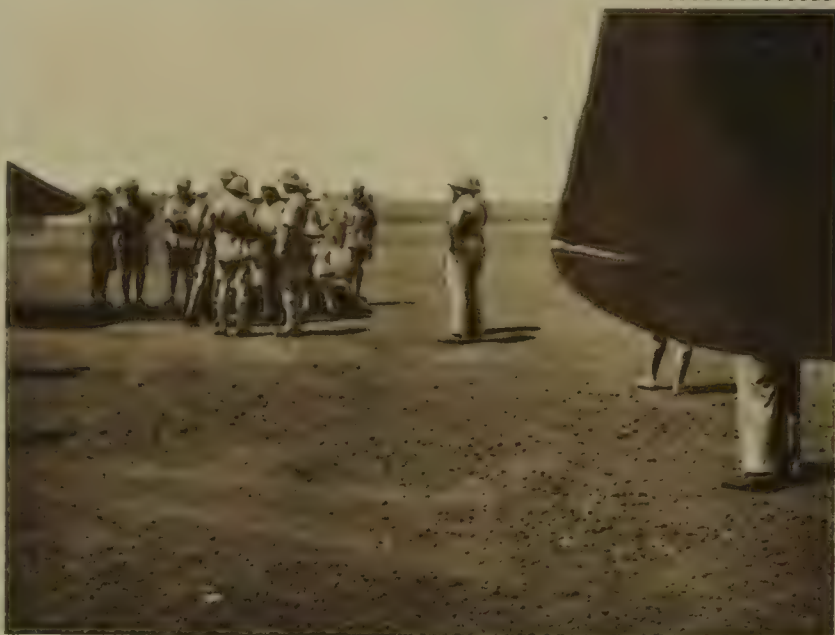
AERIAL SUPPLIES FOR THE MAROONED COUPLE, WHOSE POSITION IS INDICATED BY A FIRE: TEN GALLONS OF WATER BEING SENT DOWN BY PARACHUTE.



THE SUCCESSFUL RESCUE: THE PARTY, ON THE WAY BACK TO KONGOR, WAVING TO THE AEROPLANE.



AT KONGOR AFTER THE RESCUE: GENERAL LEWIN (INDICATED BY ARROW) THANKING THE RESCUE PARTY; WITH MRS. LEWIN ON THE EXTREME RIGHT.



ON THEIR WAY BACK TO CIVILISATION: THE ARRIVAL OF THE LEWINS AT THE AERODROME AT MALAKAL, TO WHICH THEY WERE FLOWN FROM KONGOR.

In our last issue we gave a most remarkable photograph of Brig.-General A. C. Lewin and his wife marooned in their aeroplane in the Sudan, a snapshot taken from the air before their rescue. We here illustrate the actual rescue operations in another series of photographs taken from the air. The Lewins were reached on October 18. The rescuers were Dinkas from Bor, who were guided by an aeroplane. The party reached Kongor on October 19, in fairly good condition after a 15-mile journey. The second photograph shows the damaged machine as it was found. The lines leading to it are the skid-marks ploughed up in the

swampy soil by the machine when it came down. They were also clearly shown in the photograph in our last issue. Eventually, the machine dug its nose in the ground and turned a somersault, and it is here seen lying on its back. The fourth picture gives a good idea of the difficulties of searching for the plane in a vast expanse of vegetation. The smoke from a fire lighted by General Lewin with one of his eight matches indicates his position. In the third photograph the rescue party are seen carrying Mrs. Lewin in a chair; while a native is signalling with a flag to the aeroplane.—[Photographs by Courtesy of "The Daily Telegraph."]



THE UNIQUE DESIGN ENCIRCLING THE VASE SEEN BELOW (RIGHT CENTRE) SHOWN IN DIAGRAM: AN ENIGMATIC SCENE, PROBABLY REPRESENTING TEMPLE WOMEN BEATING TAMBOURINES TO HONOUR A SACRED BULL, CRUELY PORTRAYED AS CONTRASTED WITH THAT ON THE EARLIER STONE VASE (LEFT CENTRE).



WITH THE USUAL "BULL MOTIVE" AUGMENTED BY LIONS: A RECONSTRUCTION OF A RELIEF ON A STONE VASE, FROM THE ONLY THREE FRAGMENTS PRESERVED (SHADED BROWN).



AN EARLY DYNASTIC VASE OF THE RARE "SCARLET WARE" — THE MOST USUAL SHAPE (SEE DIAGRAM OF DESIGN ABOVE), FIRST KNOWN IN THE PRECEDING JEMDET NASR PERIOD.



THE ONLY OTHER HUMAN FIGURE KNOWN ON EARLY MESOPOTAMIAN POTTERY: A PAINTED SHERD.



A PAINTED SHERD EXEMPLIFYING THE MORE VIVID PORTRAYAL OF ANIMALS THAN OF MAN, AS IN OTHER PRIMITIVE ARTS.

PAINTED POTTERY FROM TELL AGRAB: A RARE TYPE POSSIBLY LINKING EARLY MESOPOTAMIAN CULTURE WITH ANCIENT INDIA.

"The painted pottery reproduced here," writes Dr. Henri Frankfort, "is of particular interest for two reasons: firstly, it was only used during a very short time, the beginning of the Early Dynastic period; furthermore, although its technique is a debased continuation of that used in the preceding (Jemdet Nasr) age, it introduces a new feature in the elaborate scenes which only appear on these vases. Neither the earlier nor later ceramics show such representations. The subjects on the 'scarlet ware,' as it is called, form, in the later part of the Early Dynastic period, the repertoire used by seal-cutters. A fine example of figured 'scarlet ware'

is in the British Museum; nevertheless, our large vase shows a scene for which there is no parallel. The bull tethered inside a building recalls the steatite vase found at the same site ('The Illustrated London News,' September 12, 1936, p. 434, Figs. 10-12). We have no evidence that animals were worshipped in Mesopotamia, yet the contemporary civilisation of India supplies ample evidence that this was so in that country. Thus we may have here one more link in the (as yet) incompletely discovered chain of similarities connecting the early culture of Mesopotamia with that of the Indus Valley."

ILLUSTRATIONS SUPPLIED BY DR. HENRI FRANKFORT, FIELD DIRECTOR OF THE IRAQ EXPEDITION OF THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.



Cape Scops Owl.
Kasper Hildebrand.

POSSESSING A MELANCHOLY CALL HEARD AFTER SUNSET: THE CAPE SCOPS OWL, WHICH HAS SMALL "EAR-TUFTS" AND FEEDS ON INSECTS.



A BEAUTIFUL BIRD, FOUND ALL OVER SOUTHERN AFRICA, IN WHICH THE MALE AND THE FEMALE DIFFER IN COLOUR: THE NAMAQUA DOVE.



NOT UNLIKE THE EUROPEAN GOLDEN ORIOLE IN APPEARANCE: ANDERSSON'S ORIOLE, WHICH HAS A DELIGHTFUL SONG AND FEEDS ON INSECTS AND FRUIT.



BELONGING TO A SPECIES WELL REPRESENTED IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE "GREY-HEADED" KINGFISHER—THE ONLY ONE WHICH HAS A RED BILL.



HAVING A DIET WHICH INCLUDES WASPS, GRASSHOPPERS, AND LOCUSTS, ALL OF WHICH ARE TAKEN IN FLIGHT: THE CARMINE-THROATED BEE-EATER.



A SHY BIRD REMARKABLE FOR ITS LARGE ERECTILE CREST AND THE BRIGHT HUES OF ITS PLUMAGE: THE HOPOE—AN INSECT-EATER.



FOUND IN THREE SPECIES OF DISTINCTIVE PLUMAGE: THE RED BISHOP BIRD, WHICH NESTS IN MARSHY PLACES AND IS CHIEFLY A GRAIN-EATER.



DISPLAYING IN FLIGHT THE FULL BEAUTY OF ITS TURQUOISE-COLOURED WINGS: THE PURPLE ROLLER, WHICH HAS A LOUD, SCREECHING CALL.

RICH IN BIRD-LIFE OF INFINITE VARIETY OF FORM AND

South Africa can justly claim to be a bird-lover's Paradise. Amongst its many attractions, the variety of its bird-life constitutes not only a field of study for the ornithologist, but is of unusual interest and enjoyment to all those who delight in the song and colour and movement of birds. Over a thousand species have been identified, ranging from the little Sunbirds of scintillating colours that frequent proteas and other flowers to glossy starlings, Bee-eaters,

Kingfishers, and the many varieties of Weavers. Of these species some are migratory, but the majority are resident. There are birds in which the sexes differ in colour; and the cries and song, nests and nesting habits are as varied as the species themselves. All combine to give an abiding memory to those who choose to move off to quiet corners in order to see, and study this most wonderful of Nature's gifts. Some species of birds are protected by

PLUMAGE: SOUTH AFRICA—A BIRD-LOVER'S

Paradise. legislation and, in certain areas, bird sanctuaries have been established which alone are well worth voyaging many miles to see. The eight species pictured on these pages convey some idea of the diversity and brilliant colouring of the plumage which can be observed by the traveller. A South African resident in England gives his impression of palpable English characteristics as "love of children, fondness of animals and birds." Those who visit South Africa

PARADISE.

this winter should note that bird-observation is at its best from October to March, and thus they will have an opportunity to enjoy fully a feature so readily discerned in English life. It is possible to see bird-life in the near vicinity of resorts favoured by visitors. Advice and first-hand information on such matters are always obtainable from the Travel Bureau at South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

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NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY: MATTERS MILITARY, MEDICAL—AND "MONSTROUS."



R.A.F. GALLANTRY IN PALESTINE HONOURED: GENERAL WAVELL PRESENTS THE M.C. TO FLYING-OFFICER YAXELELEY FOR HIS CONDUCT DURING THE 1936 DISTURBANCES.

Our illustration shows Major-General Wavell, who recently succeeded Lieut.-General Dill as G.O.C. in Palestine, at the presentation of medals to R.A.F. officers for gallantry in Palestine during the disturbances in 1936. He is here seen presenting the Military Cross to Flying-Officer R. G. Yaxeley, whose home is in Bath. On the left are seen Lieut. Fox, A.D.C. to Major-General Wavell, and Wing-Commander A. H. Flower, Station Commander of the R.A.F. at Ramleh.



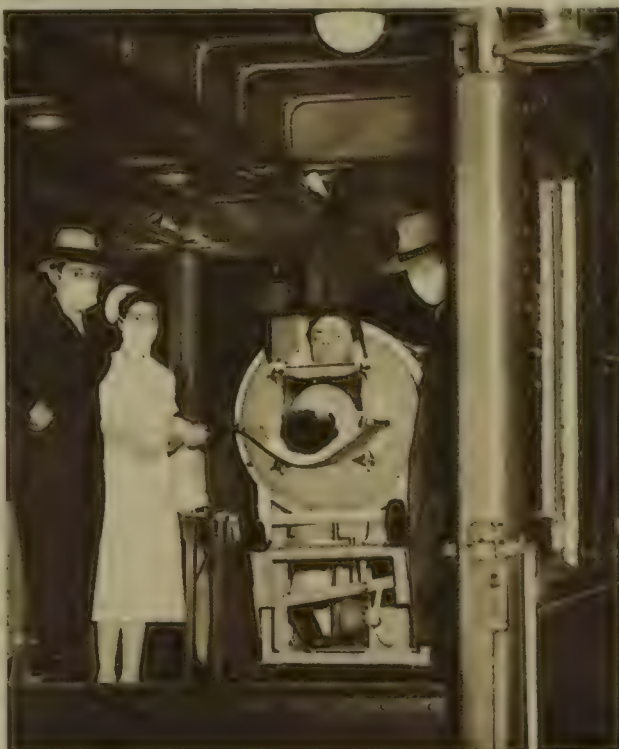
A "SEA-SERPENT" PHOTOGRAPHED AT LAST?—THE "OGOPOGO," THE "MONSTER" OF LAKE OKANAGAN, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SEEN BY A PARTY OF PICNICKERS.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph writes: "The 'Ogopogo' is a famed 'sea-monster' in Lake Okanagan, British Columbia. Its existence in the lake has been stoutly maintained for many years by Indians residing on its shores, and has been reported by more than a hundred reliable witnesses in the past fifteen years. Now, a hasty snapshot has been made by a party of picnickers before whom the monster appeared close inshore." Lake Okanagan is a big lake, sixty miles long.



A NOVEL COACH TESTED BY LONDON TRANSPORT: THE FRONT OF THE VEHICLE, WHICH HAS THE ENGINE MOUNTED BETWEEN THE WHEELS.

An account of this new experimental Green Line coach introduced by London Transport mentions the following innovations: The engine is mounted on its side on rubber bearings under the floor, about a third of the way down the chassis. Careful balancing allows fine print to be read at 30 m.p.h. The air-supply can be artificially regulated.



"THE MAN IN THE IRON LUNG": MR. F. B. SNITE, JUNIOR, WITH THE MIRROR WHICH ENABLES HIM TO READ AND EVEN PLAY BRIDGE!

We illustrated Mr. F. B. Snite, Junior, in the "iron lung"—in which he has been kept alive since he developed infantile paralysis in China—in our issue of July 3. Here we show the mirror by means of which he can read, and even play bridge. He has to view both his own and the other cards in the mirror.



THE "MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK" AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THE ALABASTER AND SILVER-GILT DYNELEY CASSET.

Although tradition says that this casket of alabaster, mounted in silver-gilt, was given by Henry VIII. to one of the Dyneleys of Bramhope, it cannot date much before 1620. It is difficult to determine the exact purpose for which the casket was made. It now contains four scent-bottles about 140 years old.



NOT TO BE MECHANISED AFTER ALL: A DETACHMENT OF THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS PRACTISING A CHARGE RECENTLY IN THE LONG VALLEY, ALDERSHOT.

Elsewhere in this issue is a double-page of pictures dealing with the history and uniforms of The Royal Scots Greys. These went to press a day before Mr. Hore-Belisha made a statement in the House, on November 2, during which he said that at least the equivalent of one brigade of horsed cavalry will be retained in the British Army, and that, in addition to the Household Cavalry, The Royal Dragoons and The Royal Scots Greys will remain unaffected by the policy of mechanisation.



THE FIRST MASS AT THE NEW CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL AT LIVERPOOL: THE SCENE IN THE CHAPEL OF SEVEN DOLOURS IN THE CRYPT, THE ONLY PART YET COMPLETED.

A congregation of 12,000, drawn from all parts of Britain, assembled within the rising walls of Liverpool's Roman Catholic Metropolitan Cathedral of Christ the King to hear the first Mass said in the crypt chapel on October 31. Dr. Richard Downey, Archbishop of Liverpool, was the celebrant. Only 700 worshippers could be accommodated in the Chapel of the Seven Dolours. Another 1000 assembled in the precincts of the crypt, and a further 10,000 heard Low Mass, in the open air.

THE FOCKE HELICOPTER—WITH "TWIN" ROTORS.



BACKING TO THE EDGE OF A TWENTY-YARD CIRCLE, WITHIN WHICH IT CAN TAKE OFF: THE FOCKE HELICOPTER DEMONSTRATING VERTICAL FLIGHT AND THE EASE WITH WHICH IT CAN MANŒUVRE ON THE GROUND.



REDUCING THE LIFT OF THE ROTORS TO JUST BELOW BUOYANCY POINT FOR THE DESCENT: THE FOCKE WHICH SET UP RECENTLY A WORLD-RECORD FOR HELICOPTERS BY ASCENDING 8200 FT. IN AN EIGHTY-MINUTE FLIGHT.



COMING TO EARTH AS GENTLY AS A BALLOON: THE FOCKE HELICOPTER LANDING AFTER GIVING A DEMONSTRATION AT BREMEN, WHICH, IF IT HAS NOT REVOLUTIONISED, WILL PROFOUNDLY INFLUENCE THE FUTURE OF FLIGHT.

The autogyro type of aeroplane has already proved of value in this country for police purposes, notably in assisting those on the ground to direct traffic on special occasions such as the Derby; and its ability to land in a small area has suggested its use as a means of maintaining contact between front-line troops and headquarters in the field of war. A demonstration was given recently at Bremen of the Focke helicopter, which differs outwardly from the Cierva Autogyro in having two rotors instead of one. These are widely spaced by means of "outriggers" and enable the aircraft not only to take off within a twenty-yard circle, but to "back" into position on the ground. In descending, the pilot reduces the lift of the rotors to just below buoyancy-point and the aircraft descends almost perpendicularly. Since the birth of flying, inventors have sought to enable a machine to hover and the Focke approaches this desire, for it can remain almost stationary in mid-air for as long as the pilot wishes.

Photographs Reproduced from the Ciné-Film of British Paramount News.

THE MAHARAJA OF BIKANER'S JUBILEE.

The Maharaja of Bikaner celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his accession on September 18. He succeeded his elder brother as Ruler of the State at the age of seven. The event was marked by religious ceremonies and processions and, at a later date, by popular festivities. The procession to the chief Hindu shrine in Bikaner was the occasion for a magnificent five-mile cavalcade from the palace, in which elephants, chariots drawn by richly caparisoned bullocks, and silver palanquins passed through the streets in splendid pageantry. During the festivities the ancient fort and palaces and public buildings have been floodlit and the fountains in the gardens of the Maharaja's palace have been illuminated with lamps which change colour—presenting an unforgettable spectacle. It was arranged that the Viceroy should visit the State on November 4 for six days and that he should be received with a procession of thirty elephants caparisoned in gold and silver. Lord Linlithgow will attend the *darbar* to celebrate the jubilee and, later, will witness a review of the State Army of 2000 men.



THE GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS OF THE MAHARAJA OF BIKANER: HIS HIGHNESS PASSING THE OLD FORT IN ELEPHANT PROCESSION FOR THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT THE CHIEF HINDU SHRINE IN BIKANER.



TYPICAL OF THE MAGNIFICENT PAGEANTRY WHICH MARKED THE JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS: CEREMONIAL CHARIOTS, DRAWN BY RICHLY CAPARISONED BULLOCKS WITH GILDED HORNS, WHICH TOOK PART IN THE PROCESSION TO THE SHRINE.



ARRIVING AT THE CHIEF HINDU SHRINE IN BIKANER FOR THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE, AFTER A FIVE-MILE PROCESSION FROM THE PALACE: THE MAHARAJA OF BIKANER, WHO IS CELEBRATING HIS GOLDEN JUBILEE, AND (LEFT) THE HEIR-APPARENT.

THE ITALIAN SCENE, PAST AND PRESENT: ROMAN OCCASIONS; AND BRITISH REACTION TO "ORDERS FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS."



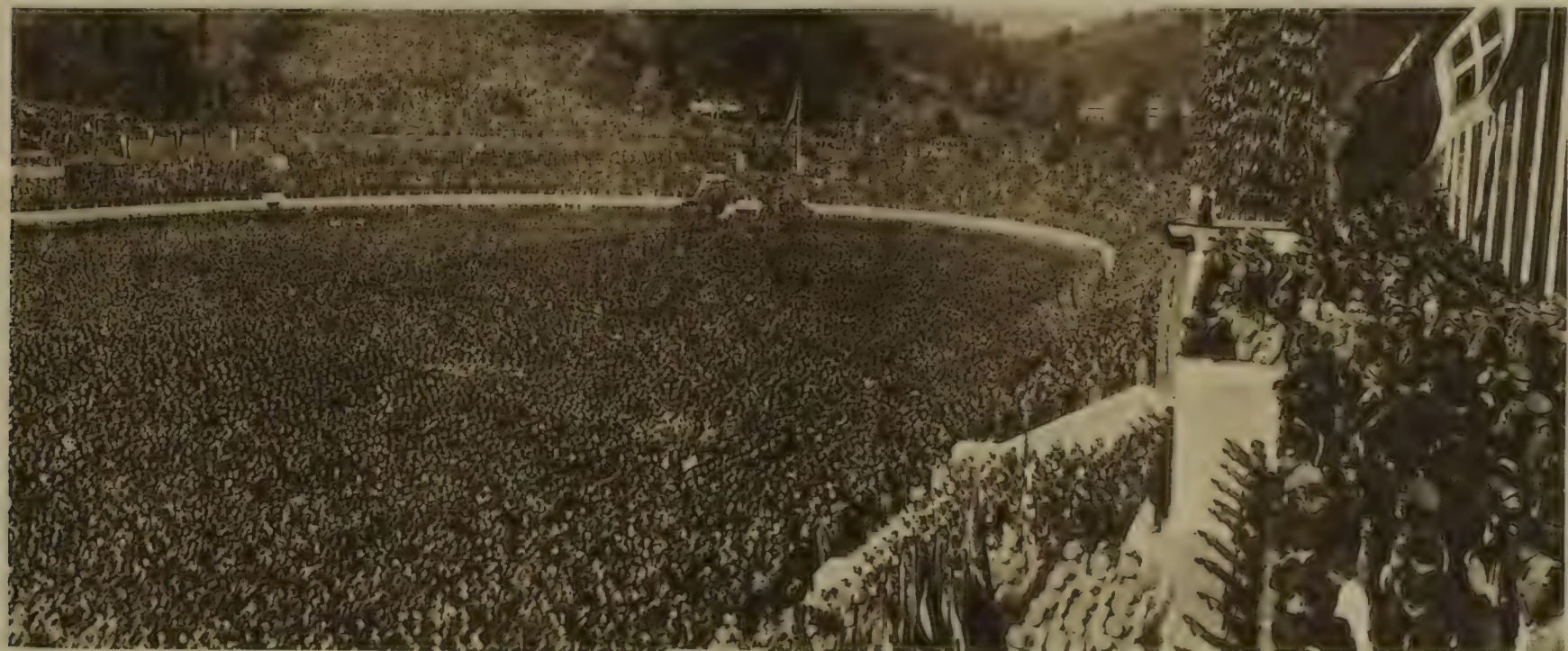
HONOUR FOR ITALIANS KILLED OR WOUNDED IN SPAIN: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI PRESENTING MEDALS TO RELATIVES OF THE FALLEN, AT THE ALTAR OF THE FATHERLAND.

At a ceremony held in Rome on October 29 at the Altar of the Fatherland, the tomb of Italy's Unknown Soldier, Signor Mussolini publicly commemorated Italian Blackshirts killed or wounded in the Spanish Civil War, and distributed medals (7 gold, 48 silver, and 28 bronze) to relatives of the fallen, embracing each recipient. Guns fired a salute as each medal was presented. The number of soldiers honoured was 763 dead and 2675 wounded. The total death-roll had been stated officially as 1790.



AN ABYSSINIAN MONUMENT BROUGHT TO ROME TO COMMEMORATE ITALY'S CONQUEST: AN OBELISK FROM AXUM ERECTED BETWEEN THE PALATINE AND THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.

It was reported on November 2 that a Coptic obelisk of granite from Axum, the sacred city of Abyssinia, had been unveiled in Rome. "The new monument [said 'The Times']", which is 75 ft. high and weighs about 150 tons, is stated to be the thirteenth of its type to have been brought from Africa to Italy. It has been erected in the Piazza Porta Capena at the end of the Via dei Trionfi.



THE OCCASION WHEN SIGNOR MUSSOLINI FOR THE FIRST TIME PUBLICLY SUPPORTED GERMANY'S CLAIM FOR COLONIES: THE DUCE (STANDING ALONE IN THE LOFTY ROSTRUM ON THE RIGHT) ADDRESSING 100,000 FASCIST "HIERARCHS" IN THE FORO MUSSOLINI ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARCH ON ROME.



AN ANNIVERSARY-PRESENTATION TO KING VICTOR: A PAINTING OF THE PESCHIERA CONFERENCE (IN 1917) SHOWING HIM DEMONSTRATING THE MILITARY POSITION AFTER CAPORETTO.

On November 8 the twentieth anniversary of the Peschiera Conference will be observed in Italy by the presentation to King Victor of this painting of the occasion. The Conference took place after the Italian defeat at Caporetto, in October 1917, a disaster eventually redeemed by the Italian victory at Vittorio Veneto. King Victor (centre background) is seen demonstrating the position on a map to a group of Allied leaders. Seated, to right, is Mr. Lloyd George. Marshal Foch is standing second from right.

The fifteenth Fascist anniversary was celebrated on October 28 in the Foro Mussolini, and the vast assemblage included 100,000 Hierarchs (officials) from every part of Italy. Great honour was paid to the German delegation present, and in his speech Signor Mussolini, discussing peace, said: "A great people such as the German people must regain the place which is due to it, and which it used to have beneath the sun of Africa."



AFTER HIS SPEECH DECLARING "WE WILL ACCEPT DICTATION FROM NONE": MR. EDEN (RIGHT) LEAVING FOR THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE ON THE FAR EAST.

The Foreign Secretary is here seen with Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Dominions Secretary, and the Belgian Ambassador. In his speech Mr. Eden had said: "There is an inclination to threaten, to issue orders from the house-tops, to proclaim what is virtually an ultimatum, and call it peace. . . . We are not prepared to stand and deliver at anyone's command. . . . We offer co-operation to all, but we will accept dictation from none."

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF NOTE : PEOPLE RECENTLY IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



SIR HERBERT E. MAXWELL.

Distinguished man of letters and politician. Died October 30; aged ninety-three. Was M.P. (Con.) for Wigtonshire, 1880-1906. Rhind Lecturer in Archaeology, Edinburgh, 1893 and 1911, and Lecturer on Scottish History, Glasgow University, 1910. Published many works and wrote novels.



SIGNOR A. TOSCANINI.

Presented on October 29 with the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society, the highest honour the Society can bestow. Conducted a Brahms concert at the Queen's Hall, on October 30, which was broadcast and another broadcast on Nov. 3. Is Doctor of Music of the Academy of Music, Georgetown University, U.S.A. Has conducted at La Scala Opera House, Milan, and the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.



SIGNOR CERRUTI.

Italian Ambassador to Paris. Left Paris for Milan on October 31, having been recalled to Rome by Signor Mussolini. Signor Renata Prunas has been appointed Counsellor to the Embassy and will act as Chargé d'Affaires. The position now corresponds with that of the French Embassy in Rome, which has been without an Ambassador since the Comte de Chambrun retired.



**KING BORIS OF BULGARIA AND QUEEN JOANNA ON A PRIVATE VISIT TO LONDON :
THEIR MAJESTIES LEAVING VICTORIA STATION ON ARRIVAL.**

King Boris of Bulgaria and Queen Joanna arrived in London on October 31 for a private visit which was expected to last a week. They were welcomed by Lord Fortescue on behalf of the King, and by M. Radeff, the Bulgarian Minister. Their Majesties had luncheon at Buckingham Palace on November 3, and King Boris, it is understood, took the opportunity presented by his visit to England to obtain the views of British statesmen and officials at the Foreign Office on the political situation.



GEN. SIR ARTHUR WAUCHOPE.

High Commissioner for Palestine since 1931. Retiring early next year. Aged sixty-three. Served in South African War; and the Great War, 1914-18. Chief of British section, Military Inter-Allied Commission of Control, Berlin, 1924-27. G.O.C. Northern Ireland District, 1929-31.



COL. SIR JOHN BROWN.

Appointed Deputy Director-General of the Territorial Army, with the local rank of Major-General so long as he holds the post. Aged fifty-seven. Is the first Major-General in the Territorial Army to be gazetted since the war. When twenty-one, joined the 1st Volunteer Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment as a private. Commanded the 162nd, East Midland, Infantry Brigade, T.A., 1924-28. Is an architect by profession.



COL. J. K. DUNLOP.

Appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, Territorial Army, the War Office, with the temporary rank of Colonel while holding this appointment. Has been Commanding Officer of The Rangers, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, T.A., since 1934. Last year was appointed Hon. Secretary of the Territorial Army and Auxiliary Air Force Recruiting Committee for Greater London.



**LORD LINLITHGOW'S FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT TO LAHORE : H.E. THE VICEROY
WITH THE GOVERNOR OF THE PUNJAB IN THE STATE COACH.**

On October 22 the Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow, made his first official visit to the capital of the Punjab. At the station, accompanied by Sir Herbert Emerson, he entered the State coach and drove in state to Government House. The visit lasted four days, during which Lord Linlithgow attended a Boy Scout rally and held a Durbar in the old fort, the first to be held there for eleven years.



**A LITTLE-KNOWN FIGURE IN THE SPANISH WAR : DONNA CARMEN POLO DE FRANCO
(RIGHT), WIFE OF THE SPANISH NATIONALISTS' LEADER.**

The part played by General Franco's wife as a war organiser is not generally known, and the above photograph is probably the first to be published showing her at a meeting. It was taken at Salamanca during the celebration of the first anniversary of the organisation of the Spanish Women's Social Auxiliary, which cares for the wounded and looks after destitute children. Donna Carmen de Franco was one of the chief organisers of the movement.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

RARE is the anecdote that fulfils the literal Greek meaning of the term—"something unpublished"—for there is generally someone who has heard it before. "Chestnuts," however, may be so old as to have been forgotten, and regain their novelty for a new generation. With a view to using it here, I tested a specimen the other day on a chance group of friends, and they found it fresh. It was that one about the diner who asked his guest—"Do you like Botticelli?", and, receiving the answer, "I prefer Chianti," exclaimed: "My dear fellow, Botticelli isn't a wine; it's a cheese!" Actually this last statement is nearer the truth than it might seem, for there was a time when to call an artist "the cheese" was to pay him the highest possible compliment. I cannot put my finger on the reference, but I believe that Stevenson, perhaps in one of his more intimate letters, alludes to some famous contemporary as "a howling cheese." This expression was current at Cambridge in my time, and—according to that inestimable work, Partridge's "Dictionary of Slang"—the custom of calling the best of anything "the cheese" arose early in the nineteenth century.

This by way of prelude to a large and magnificent volume of reproductions (in colour and photogravure) from a celebrated painter's work, namely, "BOTTICELLI." With 101 Plates, including fourteen in Colour, and fourteen Text Illustrations, including one in Colour (Vienna: Phaidon Press; London: George Allen and Unwin; 10s. 6d.). Considering the lavish scale of the book on its pictorial side, and the exquisite quality of the reproduction work, the price is amazingly moderate compared with most such publications in this country. The colour-plates are from blocks made in Vienna, and the others were printed at Innsbruck. "The illustrations," we read, "have been chosen, not with the intention of forming a *catalogue raisonné* of the works by Botticelli's own hand, or of reproducing everything he painted, but with a view to enabling a wide circle of readers to become acquainted with the beauties directly or indirectly connected with the name of Botticelli. The reader, in other words, is invited to use his eyes, and, if he is able, to feel and dream in Botticelli's company." For that purpose the volume is ideal, and the manner of its production is beyond praise.

Speaking personally, I would hail Botticelli as the most appealing of Italian painters. When I visited the Italian Art Exhibition at Burlington House a few years ago, among all the wonderful pictures there, Botticelli's work attracted me more than anything else, not only for the beauty of his subdued colour, but for his tenderness, humanity, and spiritual charm. These qualities suggest that it might not be altogether inappropriate to call him the Euripides of Italian painting, with (perhaps) Michelangelo and Raphael respectively as the Æschylus and Sophocles. Such an analogy, however, is open to dispute, since the number of great Italian painters much exceeds that of great Greek tragedians.

Botticelli's humanity is manifest in every painting reproduced in the present volume, especially in the pensive expressiveness of the faces. Some also reveal a sense of humour and an enjoyment of childish frolics, as in the background of "Mars and Venus," where three mischievous little Fauns are playing with the sleeping war-god's helmet and spear. Love and understanding of childhood are consummately revealed, too, in his Nativity pictures, and, above all, in the rapt look on the infant's face in the "Madonna with the Child Jesus and the Young John." Both in the religious and secular paintings, apart from the portraits, it is noticeable that few of Botticelli's figures have the black or dark hair usually associated with his compatriots. His Madonna and his Venus are both fair, and so are the ancillary figures in "The Birth of Venus," Flora and the Three Graces in "Primavera," and Minerva in "Pallas and the Centaur." Evidently he would have agreed with the poet who wrote—

And when you see fair hair
be pitiful;

not to mention the lady novelist who declared that "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Except in the "St. Sebastian" and "The Death of Holofernes," there is little of the gruesome in Botticelli's subjects, compared with those of Titian in a similar book noticed in our issue of July 17.

Whether or not Botticelli's predilection for golden locks indicates any affinity or contact with blond races, true it is that we "front out the northern island" have

saluted him, as Tennyson saluted Virgil. In a prefatory essay containing a masterly appreciation of his art, with an outline of his career, Signor Lionello Venturi writes: "It is well known that after Botticelli's death his greatness remained unrecognised until it was rediscovered in England between 1867 and 1871, thanks to Dante Gabriele Rossetti, Swinburne, Walter Pater, and Ruskin. . . . Ruskin has described him as the man in whom the spirit of Greece was born again. But if we examine his Venus and his Graces, we find that they have nothing in common with Greek statues; they belong to another world. . . . Venus is conceived like a Madonna, Mercury like a St. Sebastian. The Graces, however, represent something new in Botticelli's art, an achievement which his genius

reform never consisted in action of any kind. . . . The expression 'reformer' can be used of Botticelli only in the metaphorical sense. He had not even the desire to construct for himself his own life. He studied in accordance with the wishes of his family, he did not leave his home even after attaining maturity; he had no atelier distinct from his own house and he did not found a family."

Art has often been associated with statesmanship. There have been artists who became statesmen, and statesmen who have practised art in one form or another. Rubens, for example, was on occasions an ambassador, and in our own days M. Paderewski developed into a Prime Minister; while Herr Hitler and Mr. Churchill—if unlike in other respects—have been known to wield the brush. A notable example of a modern statesman who was a devoted art-lover was our present Premier's half-brother, who has left a delightful record of his adventures in that capacity in a beautifully illustrated posthumous volume entitled "SEEN IN PASSING." By the Rt. Hon. Sir Austen Chamberlain. Foreword by Lady Chamberlain. With thirty-two Plates (Cassell; 15s.). Sir Austen made the very best use of his leisure. "These travel sketches," says his widow, "were written during our journeyings abroad in the Autumn recess, after the House of Commons had risen. We would wander from place to place with a friend in his motor-car, and these pages reflect the thoughts and impressions which were set down whilst the memories were still warm in his mind. His broad knowledge of foreign affairs was undoubtedly assisted by these unofficial journeyings. It may have been that at the back of his mind lay Disraeli's words: 'Travel teaches toleration.'"

Sir Austen's chapters bear no indications of date, and contain, as far as I can see, no allusions to modern politics, although the past occasionally comes in for comment, as when he remarks of Napoleon: "How I hate that man!", or, in alluding to Garibaldi and his Red Shirts, declares that "patient, unromantic, ugly, scheming Cavour was yet the greater man and the more necessary to Italy's salvation." Sir Austen does not seem to have been impressed by the Italian revival of Roman imperialism to-day. Writing at Nîmes, he says: "Nothing has ever given me such an idea of the power and, so to speak, the massiveness of the Roman civilization as those two vast monuments—the amphitheatre here and the Pont du Gard. They are stupendous. . . . The phrase 'Eternal Rome' seems to take on a new meaning as one contemplates them—and one wonders what is the connection between the modern Italian and the Roman of old. It seems to me that the French have more of this Roman spirit in their public works and buildings than any other living nation." Signor Mussolini, I fear, might not quite like this passage.

Sir Austen's travels cover a wide field. He takes us in turn through Holland and Belgium, France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Austria, the Balkans, Greece, Turkey, Portugal, Spain, and Morocco. Wherever he went he was interested most in pictures and in architecture. Among painters, Rubens seems to have been his chief hero. In the chapter on Italy we find him in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, spending most of his time, on one occasion, "among Fra Angelicos, Botticellis, Lippo Lippi and Filippino Lippi." He can find no higher praise for Benozzo Gozzoli's women in his frescoes at Pisa than to say that "one above all . . . is like Botticelli at his best." As an art-lover, Sir Austen was not content to follow fashions, but shows himself a discerning critic with strong opinions of his own. Thus, in another allusion to Botticelli, he exclaims: "Oh! that 'Judith'! I would give all his Venuses and Springs for it." Again, in the Doge's Palace at Venice, he refuses to accept Ruskin as a dictator concerning certain works by Tintoretto. "What I do like, however," he continues, "is his *Bacchus and Ariadne* with Venus floating down—absolutely floating. I always feel that St. Mark in the Academy, coming to the rescue of the slave, has not studied aeronautics sufficiently, and that his flight will end in a broken head, unless he works a second miracle for his own safety, but this Venus does literally float in the air."

Few poets, I believe, have been conspicuous as connoisseurs of painting. Among the exceptions, of course, were Rossetti—a painter himself—and the author of "Andrea del Sarto" and "Fra Lippo Lippi." An admirable commentary on all the latter poet's works (including the two poems just mentioned) is provided by an American scholar

(Continued on page 812.)



DAVID LOW.



SOMERSET MAUGHAM.



AXEL MUNTHE.

ROTHENSTEIN "LYRICS" IN PORTRAITURE: A FAMOUS ARTIST'S DRAWINGS OF FAMOUS CONTEMPORARIES.

Here are three of the twenty-four subjects in a most attractive new book entitled "Contemporaries." Portrait Drawings by Sir William Rothenstein. With appreciations by various hands (Faber; 12s. 6d.). Sir William himself provides a reminiscent preface. "A drawing," he writes, "is like a lyric, a happy pattern of lines, a combination of blitheness and precision." The charm of his portraits could hardly be better expressed. The "appreciation" of Mr. David Low, the caricaturist, is signed "H. B." (evidently Mr. Hilaire Belloc). That on Mr. Somerset Maugham, the novelist and dramatist, suggests Roman stoicism underlying his "corrosive satire." Axel Munthe, author of "San Michele," is compared by Lord Howard of Penrith to Cervantes and Dickens for humour and understanding of human nature. Sir William Rothenstein's sitters included Rudyard Kipling, Lord Allenby, and Sir Austen Chamberlain. Among contributors of appreciations are Lady Oxford, Lord Dunsany, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, and Sir Leonard Woolley.—[Copyrights Reserved.]

never surpassed, one of the greatest creations in the whole of painting."

Signor Venturi strongly supports the tradition that Botticelli was an adherent of Savonarola, and shows how his art was profoundly affected by the tragedy of 1498. "Botticelli's religious pictures," he writes, "inspired Ruskin to call him a Reformer of the Church. . . . His

SHIPS—THEIR ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT.

II.—ANCIENT SHIPS AND EARLY SHIPBUILDERS.

By PROFESSOR G. I. TAYLOR, M.A., F.R.S., M.R.I., Yarrow Research Professor of the Royal Society.
(See Illustrations on the opposite page.)

We here continue our publication of the series of lectures on Ships given at the Royal Institution by Professor G. I. Taylor. The lecture printed and illustrated in our last issue described the laws that govern a ship's being. That given here deals with ancient ships, and describes the manner in which man first learnt to go upon water, and how the wonderful art of the shipbuilder developed in early times.

IN all parts of the world, primitive people have built boats from materials at hand. In wooded places boats have been fashioned from logs. A single log makes an awkward boat, because it rolls over when the crew climb on board, but two logs fixed together are more stable. Dug-out canoes came when people learned how to hollow out trees by burning or chiselling out the middle of the log. In ancient Egypt, boats were made by binding together bundles of reeds, and boats built on this principle are still being used on African lakes, in South America, and in other places. In dry, treeless places, skins were blown up and fastened together and used for taking people across rivers. In other places—in England, for instance—boats known as coracles were made by stretching skins over a wicker frame. Coracles are still used in Wales, but in recent years the cover has been made out of canvas or other woven material instead of skins. Currachs, which are elongated coracles, are still used on the west of Ireland. They are excellent sea-boats. They are specially suitable for use on the flat, rocky coasts which are common in the neighbourhood of Galway Bay. Heavy wooden boats would be broken by landing on such a hard shore, but the currachs do not touch the land. As soon as the boat gets into shallow water, the crew jump out, turn the light curragh upside down over their heads, and walk ashore.

In ancient Egypt, wooden vessels developed gradually. They were constructed by fastening together planks along their edges by means of dowels and dovetailed wooden joints. Apparently they did not have frames for strengthening the structure. As they grew bigger, this weak form of construction did not provide enough strength. The high stem and sterns were likely to sag down under their own weight. For this reason the ships of Queen Hatsupset's expedition to Punt (1500 B.C.) were strengthened by a rope truss which extended from the bow to the stern, and was held up in the middle by posts. The sails of these ships were what is called square, but they were, in fact, long rectangles. They were set between two yards and the crew used to sit on the lower yard to hold it down, just as the crew of a modern racing yacht often sit on the spinnaker boom for the same reason. Egyptian ships do not appear to have been capable of keeping the sea in all weathers. When the season was unfavourable for sailing they hauled their boats ashore. An expedition sent out by King Necho (600 B.C.), for instance, is reported by Herodotus to have gone ashore at the end of each season and stayed there while they sowed and reaped crops. With the food thus produced they were able to carry on their voyage for three years, during which time they are reported to have circumnavigated Africa. The custom of staying ashore during the unfavourable winter seasons persisted till comparatively recent years. St. Paul, during his

voyage from Palestine to Rome, was delayed by adverse winds, and arrived in Crete too late in the season to finish the voyage. Recognising that he could not complete the journey, the captain of the ship wanted to get to one of the official ports for wintering, which was forty miles further west along the south coast of Crete, but the bad weather set in, with an easterly off-shore wind. Although the wind was off-shore, and in a favourable direction for their passage, they were unable to make their port. We must conclude, therefore, that Roman ships were not very weatherly craft.



PROBABLY THE MOST FAMOUS SAILING-SHIP IN HISTORY: AN EXACT FULL-SCALE MODEL OF COLUMBUS' FLAGSHIP, THE "SANTA MARIA," IN WHICH HE DISCOVERED AMERICA; PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE NAVAL MUSEUM, MADRID.

The fame of Columbus is not diminished by the fact that his "Santa Maria" was a "dull sailer and unfit for discovery"; a fact which was proved when an exact replica of her was built at Carraca by Spanish workmen for the Chicago exhibition in 1893. She was sailed across the Atlantic on exactly the same course as that taken by Columbus on his first voyage. The time occupied was about thirty-six days and the maximum speed obtained was about 6½ knots. Her crew reported that she pitched horribly—in strong contrast to the replica of another ancient ship, which has also been sailed across to America—a Viking "Longship." This replica proved an excellent sea-boat.



COLUMBUS' QUARTERS ON HIS GREAT VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY: A FULL SCALE REPRODUCTION OF THE CABIN IN THE "SANTA MARIA," MADE BY THE SPANISH AUTHORITIES ON A BASIS OF THE MOST PAINSTAKING HISTORICAL RESEARCH.

The Phœnicians and Greeks seem to have been the first to develop special craft for warfare. In Greek pottery and sculpture, warships are distinguished from merchantmen by being longer and narrower, and by being manned by a large number of oarsmen. They also had a pointed ram at the bow. A ladder for landing is usually shown at the sterns of both warships and merchantmen, making it appear that they usually beached stern first. The Greek ships were manned by free citizens, and the command was given to members of important families for a period of six months. At the end of his term of office the commander was supposed to be relieved, but sometimes the man who had been ordered by the State to take over did not put in an appearance. These details are preserved in the report of a trial in which a captain sued the man who should have relieved him. The speeches at this trial were considered to be masterpieces of rhetoric, and so were preserved.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, no great advances were made in shipping till the time of the Vikings, who constructed very beautiful and light open rowing-boats.



These boats were very fine sea-boats. They were clinker built—that is, with overlapping planks—and were fastened with iron nails. At night, when in harbour, the rowers lay on the thwarts under a cloth cover. They set a square sail in following winds, but they relied on rowing when the wind was contrary. In these open boats, some 100 ft. long by 16 ft. broad, the Vikings crossed to Iceland, Greenland, and even, it is now believed, to America. Such exploits were carried out at great risk. In one of the expeditions to Greenland, thirty-five boats started and fourteen arrived.

After the Vikings, ships gradually increased in size; platforms or castles appeared at the bow and stern, at first as a temporary addition for fighting, and later as permanent features. The single square sails became too big to handle, so the sails were divided up into lower sails and top sails, and foremasts and mizzens were added. By the end of the fifteenth century, ships were large enough to keep the sea for months on end, and they began to be able to beat to windward.

To demonstrate, at the Royal Institution lectures, how a ship can sail against the wind, a carriage was made, which ran on two grooved wheels. The grooved wheels rested on a tightly stretched steel wire, which was set horizontally. Above the carriage a mast was erected from which sails could be hung, and below it was a balancing weight to hold the mast upright. The sails were blown upon by an electric fan, which could be held in the hand, so that the blast could be directed as desired.

When the sails were set as for a following wind, the carriage would run away from the wind. When the sails were set as for going to windward, the carriage would move along the wire towards the side from which the wind was coming, provided the angle between the wind and the stretched wire was not too small and the sail was not too baggy. A very baggy sail, such as is shown in all pictures of ancient ships, could not be set so that the carriage would travel towards the wind. A flatter square sail, such as those used by nineteenth-century sailing-ships, would go to windward, provided that the wind was not more than 50 degrees from the direction of travel. A triangular sail like a yacht's mainsail would go forward with

the wind at a slightly smaller angle, and a double-sided sail, made like the wing of an aeroplane, would go forward when the wind was only 30 degrees away from dead ahead.

The methods of steering of ships form an interesting study. The Egyptians steered with two or more oars mounted on the quarters, or sometimes one oar mounted at the extreme stern. The Romans had two steering oars working in a kind of trunk and operated by a transverse tiller. The Vikings used a single oar operated by a tiller. A central rudder, like that of modern ships, is first shown in the thirteenth-century seal of Ipswich. As the ships got bigger, it became necessary to fit a lever, or whipstaff, but the growth was so rapid that this quickly went out of date, and

wheels came in. In the large ships of the nineteenth century, single wheels were not powerful enough, so double wheels were fitted which could be worked by four men.

Many methods have been devised for reducing and furling sails. Queen Hatsupset's ships lowered the upper yard and furled sail on it. For reducing sail, the Vikings appear to have had the lower part of the sail separate from the upper part, so that it could be detached. The lower part is called a bonnet. Some Greek vases show a curious method, in which a brailing rope was thrown over the yard from the deck. It was then caught and again thrown over, till the sail was bound up to the yard by several turns.

Reef points were developed during the Middle Ages. These are short lengths of rope attached to the sail. To reduce sail, the lower part was rolled up, and tied in a roll or bundle by the reef points. In the later ships the sails were subdivided, and the practice was to take in a small sail, rather than to reef a large one. Modern yachts frequently reduce sail by rolling the mainsail round the boom. A similar method was used by the old Dundee whalers.

ANCIENT SHIPS: HOW MANKIND LEARNT TO BUILD AND SAIL THEM.

DRAWN BY G. H. DAVIS FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR G. I. TAYLOR. (SEE ARTICLE ON OPPOSITE PAGE.)

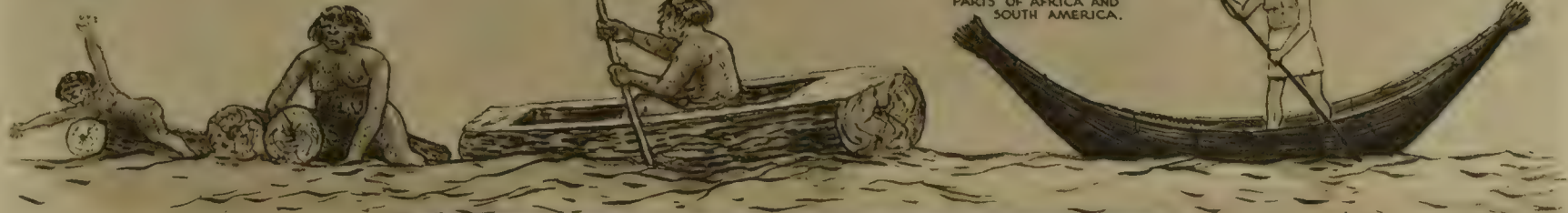
EARLY PRIMITIVE BOATS

EARLY MAN FIRST ATTEMPTED TO FLOAT BY MEANS OF A SINGLE LOG, BUT IT WAS VERY DIFFICULT TO BALANCE.

LATER IT WAS FOUND THAT TWO LOGS FIXED TOGETHER WERE MORE STABLE.

STILL LATER CAME DUG-OUT CANOES, WHEN PEOPLE LEARNED HOW TO HOLLOW OUT TREES BY BURNING OR CHISELLING OUT THE CENTRE.

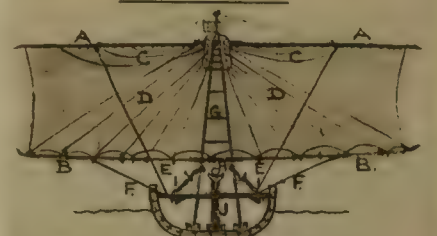
ABOUT 3500 B.C. EARLY EGYPTIANS MADE BOATS BY BINDING TOGETHER BUNDLES OF REEDS, AND THIS TYPE OF PRIMITIVE BOAT IS STILL BEING USED TODAY IN CERTAIN PARTS OF AFRICA AND SOUTH AMERICA.



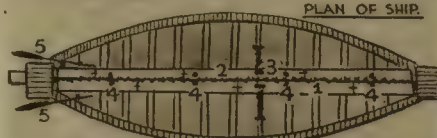
AN EGYPTIAN SHIP OF ABOUT 1500 B.C.



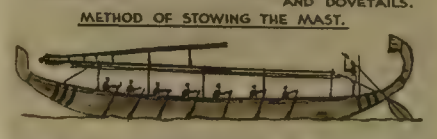
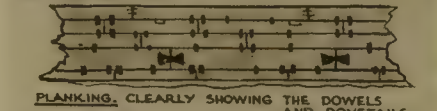
THWARTSHIP SECTION.



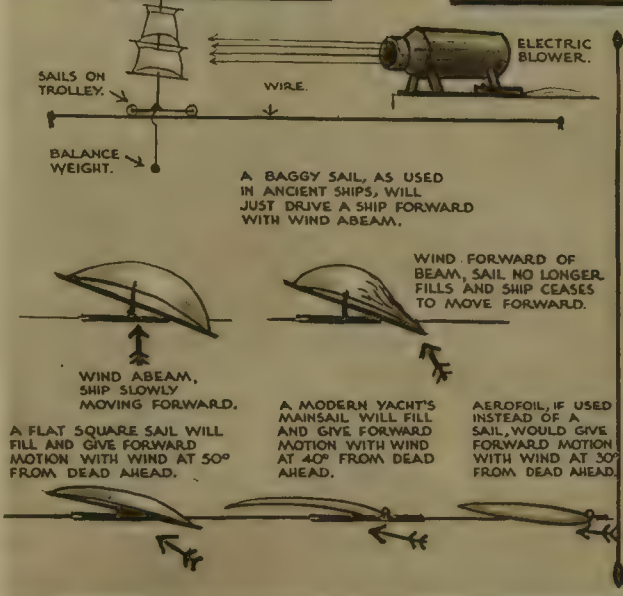
A = YARD. B = BOOM. C = STANDING LISTS. D = BOOM LISTS. E = BRACES. F = SHEETS. G = MAST. H = TRUSS ROPE. I = MAST STRUT ROPES. J = TRUSS STRUT.



1 = FORE AND AFT DECK PLANK. 2 = ROPE TRUSS. 3 = MAST AND MAST STRUT. 4 = TRUSS STRUTS. 5 = STEERING OARS.



EXPERIMENT DEMONSTRATING THE DEVELOPMENT OF SAILING TO WINDWARD.



SHOWING HOW THE SMALL SHIPS OF THE ANCIENTS "RODE" THE WAVES WHEREAS THE MODERN LINER SMASHES THROUGH THEM.



PROBABLY THE MOST SEAWORTHY CRAFT DEvised BY THE ANCIENTS WERE THE LONG SHIPS OF THE VIKINGS IN WHICH THEY MADE EXTENDED VOYAGES, AND EVEN CROSSED THE NORTH ATLANTIC.



METHOD OF COVERING THE LONG SHIPS OF THE VIKINGS.



THE TYPE OF SHIP USED BY ST. PAUL. (A.D. 61)



A SHIP OF 1200 A.D. WITH FIXED CASTLES FOR ARCHERS.

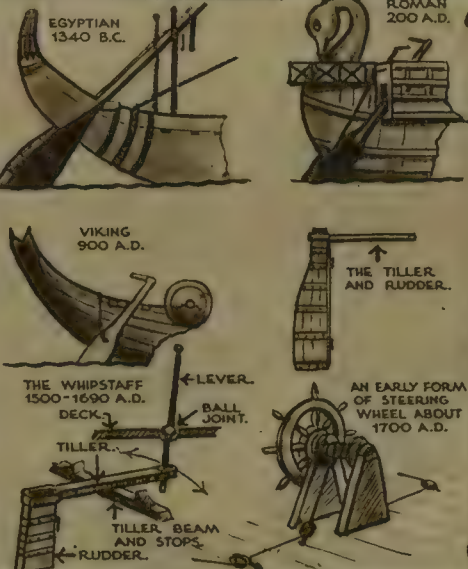


THE COMING OF MULTIPLE FLAT SAILS—A LARGE SAILING SHIP OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

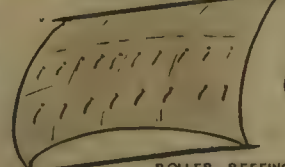


REEFING SAILS.

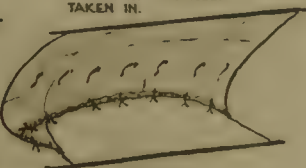
EARLY METHODS OF STEERING



SAIL WITH TWO SETS OF REEF POINTS.



SAIL WITH ONE REEF TAKEN IN.



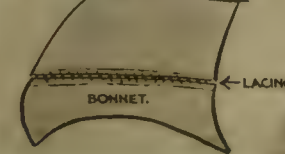
ROLLER REEFING AS USED ON THE OLD WHALERS.



A SAIL BRAILED UP.



EARLY METHOD OF REEFING BY REDUCING THE SAIL AREA BY REMOVING THE BONNET.



MEN ON THE YARD FURLING A SAIL.



II.—"SHIPS": HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENTS REFERRED TO BY PROFESSOR G. I. TAYLOR IN HIS SECOND LECTURE.

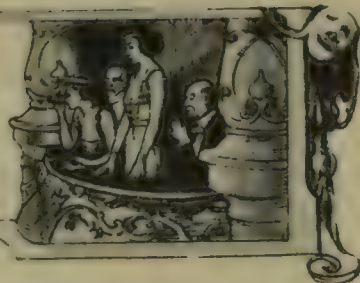
We here continue our series of illustrations of Professor G. I. Taylor's lectures on Ships, at the Royal Institution. In the article, on the opposite page, he describes the development of craft from the earliest days, when primitive man attempted to sustain himself in the water by means of logs. The most remarkable ancient ships were probably those of the Vikings, which gave evidence that their designers understood the art, subsequently lost, of shaping the underwater portion of the hull so as to reduce the resistance to the passage of the vessel through the water. This art is better understood nowadays, and is of great importance in the design

of racing yachts. We illustrated in our issue of August 14 the elaborate experiments undertaken to determine the best hull form for "Ranger," the "America's" Cup defender. It is a debatable question whether these Viking ships could effectively sail to windward or not. They are known to have had a "tacking-boom" called a *beiti-ass*, and this is believed to have reached far beyond the vessel's gunwale. Mr. Keble Chatterton, in his fascinating book "Sailing Ships and Their Story," says "It is perfectly clear that the Vikings did know of the art of tacking for we find the word in the Norse which means this—*beita*."



The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.



NO ROOM FOR ROMANCE.

IN the theatre of to-day Romance is only encouraged to hold up its once-familiar head if it be accompanied by music and spectacle. Mr. Ivor Novello, by offering these latter on the grand scale at Drury Lane, is able to commend to an enormous public the kind of dear old play in which nobility without an income wears its heart on its sleeve and ends up with both the cash and the kisses. Romantic musical plays are usually acceptable. "Balalaika," at His Majesty's, has won a big victory, because the pre-war Russians and the gypsies are there with plenty of tunes and colourful crowds. But the straight love-story, with a dash of adventure—what has become of it? The West End is shy of such simplicities.

Not long ago at the nice, old-fashioned, but freshly-managed theatre beside Richmond Green, they revived

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

there was probably no one in his audience to say "Oh, yeah" or whatever was the Elizabethan equivalent for a sniggering disbelief. War could still be proud and glorious. But now "the mortal engines" have knocked all possible romance out of war. Set Henry V. hiding from bombs in a dug-out, put Cyrano (if you could) in a gas-mask, and where are the romantic values then?

So, too, with love. Hear the romantic Berowne, one of the most charming creations of Shakespeare's youth, on this high theme—

Love's feeling is more soft
and sensible
Than are the tender horns
of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty
Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a
Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the
Hesperides?

But what if love has been reduced to a condition of the glands and hormones or is analysed away into a something-or-other "complex"? When people take their heart-ache as well as their hearts for scientific inspection, the romantic dramatist is utterly defeated. The modern Beaucaire, when asked about the blood on his bosom, might explain it as an exsanguination consequent upon a severe contusion of the super-sternal capillaries. And what can your well-graced, well-spoken actor, however eager to please, make of that?

So, if you look at London's list of plays, you will find much that is meant to amuse with craziness or thrill with crime: little or nothing to stir the affections and the sentiments as actors did of old. In a volume of "Five Plays of 1937," Mr. Hamish Hamilton has collected the best of the year. Two of them are comedies of the crazy kind which have proved enormously popular—"French Without Tears" and "George and Margaret." Another, "They Came by Night," offered the modish mixture of crime and comedy. Another was unromantic history, while "Children's Hour," a brilliant study of abnormality, which had enormous success in America, treated sex in so frank a fashion that it has been banned by the Censor.

There is within most people an unconquerable craving for that kind of romance which has been defined as "strangeness with beauty." It finds expression in the films, which too often cheat this appetite (rather than serve it) with an emotional display which is garish and vulgar. In the theatre it is finding its outlet in attention to plays which reveal unusual (and to some people, incredible) facets of life. Mr. Priestley's revolt against the tyranny of time,



"RHAPSODY ON ICE" IN THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: A SCENE FROM THE SKATING BALLET "THE BRAHMAN'S DAUGHTER"; SHOWING THE BRAHMAN (PHIL TAYLOR) VOWING VENGEANCE ON THE LOVER OF HIS DAUGHTER (MARIA BELITA—BELITA JEPSON-TURNER).

For "Rhapsody on Ice" the great stage at Covent Garden has been ingeniously converted into an "ice rink." The entire action of "The Brahman's Daughter" takes the form of ballets upon ice, with all performers on skates. The story concerns the love for an English officer, of the Indian maiden, vowed by her father to the temple service.

one of my boyhood's favourites, "Monsieur Beaucaire," a piece which Lewis Waller could always triumphantly revive. I did not see the Richmond version, but I inquired about it of one who did. At the end of one of the acts the curtain falls, I remember, on the hero nobly wounded in a duel and bleeding in the bosom. He covers the red stain with his hand and replies to the heroine who is anxiously inquiring what is behind the gesture: "It's only a red, red rose." I asked, knowing the temper of modern youth, whether this grand old piece of fustian won a roar of unruly laughter instead of causing the ladies to snuffle and even shed a tear. I was told that Richmond did not laugh. It was duly delighted and impressed. Well, I suppose there ought to be romantics in Richmond still, if they are to survive anywhere. Despite the horrid invasion of modern architecture, it remains the most romantic of our suburbs.

But you could not play "Monsieur Beaucaire" in the West End now without risk of mirth. We are too "hard-boiled," as the saying goes. It was noteworthy that when Mr. Val Gielgud recently continued the Zenda Saga of Anthony Hope in his play, "Punch and Judy," at the Vaudeville, he took care to avoid heroics, to cut out daring escapades, and to keep the play on a level of satirical comedy. It may have been that he was guided by reverence for the efficiency of the old romance, whose children he endeavoured to imagine in modern circumstance. In any case, he determined to leave romance out and attempted a realistic and satirical survey of Ruritania in these troublesome 'thirties of ours.

Romance has suffered on the stage because the old pet themes of the romantics have been reduced to hideous ugliness or sordid laboratory matters. When war was, or included, a combat of skill and valour between fairly matched men or tribes, who both deemed themselves to be champions of a just cause, there was a case for idealising even the bestialities of blood-letting. When Othello ranted so nobly—

Subtle as Sphinx; as
sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute,
strung with his hair:
And when Love speaks,
the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with
the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a
pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd
with Love's sighs;



"THE LAUGHING CAVALIER," AT THE ADELPHI: ARTHUR MARGETSON AS THE LAUGHING CAVALIER ABOUT TO SURPRISE THE WIFE OF FRANS HALS, THE PAINTER (IRENE EISINGER) WHILE SHE IS PLAYING THE SPINET.

"The Laughing Cavalier" is a musical romance based on the story of Frans Hals, the famous Dutch artist. The original of his picture "The Laughing Cavalier," painted in 1624, is introduced as the hero of the story, which is played out in the picturesque setting of seventeenth-century Haarlem. John Garrick is the Frans Hals.



"AUTUMN," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S: LADY CATHERINE BROOKE (FLORA ROBSON) HAS TO PLAY THE PIANO TO CELEBRATE THE ENGAGEMENT OF HER STEPDAUGHTER MONICA (VICTORIA HOPPER) TO MARK SEELEY (JACK HAWKINS), HER OWN LOVER. The triangle in "Autumn" is made up of Lady Catherine Brooke, her lover, and her stepdaughter; while the emotional situation is further complicated by the feelings of her husband, Sir Brian Brooke. The play provides a magnificent vehicle for impassioned acting by Flora Robson and Victoria Hopper.

which has driven him to speculate on the illusory nature of time as we know it, is really the protest of a romantic. Our creeping, realistic time which moves on and leaves a new dead past every second, will not satisfy his romantic appetite for permanence and for something which transcends the clock. So, in "Time and the Conways," and far more in "I Have Been Here Before," he appears as a crusader.

He will rescue us from the crude oppression of the calendar and the tyrannical ticking of the clock. His weapon is not a sword, but a theory. The new romantic fights the drabness of decay and asserts the reality of permanence (in personality, as in other things) with the flourish of chivalry. In other words, he substitutes a warm, human philosophy for cold, inhuman steel. Mr. Priestley's new plays are not only incomparably richer in intelligence than the "Monsieur Beaucaire" type of piece. That is not saying much. They are also, as I see them in their essence, quite as romantic: which is saying a good deal.



SUPPER FOR MR. DISRAELI

November 20th, 1837.

509 to 20 - The
division took an
hour. I then left
the house at ten
o'clock, none of
us scarcely having dined.
The tumult &
excitement unprecedented
I dined or rather
supped at the
Carlton with a
large

large party of the
flower of our side
off oysters, Guinness,
broiled bones &
got to bed at $\frac{1}{2}$
past 12. Thus
ended the most
remarkable day
hitherto of my
life - I cannot
write about the
state

Reproduced from the original letter by Disraeli to his sister Sarah
in Mr. E. Thomas Cook's collection. (Dated November 21st, 1837)

"So, after all, there was a division on the Address in Queen Victoria's first Parliament—509 to 20. The division took an hour. I then left the house at ten o'clock, none of us scarcely having dined. The tumult and excitement unprecedented. I dined or rather supped at the Carlton with a large party of the flower of our side off oysters, Guinness, and broiled bones, and got to bed at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life."

Guinness and Oysters are good for you

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

FROM PAST TO FUTURE: STYLE IN SILVER AND FURNITURE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

shaking their heads: "Yes, yes; very fine; but not a patch on Jan van Eyck"? And the few—the very few—who could appreciate Rembrandt in the 1650's congratulating themselves on having seen painting beside which all future work must seem trivial and feeble and dull? Yet other great men have painted since, all of whom had their individual contribution to make to the world's store of beauty, and it doesn't seem to me reasonable to assert—as so many of us do—that the divine spark is finally extinct. What is so difficult is to recognise it when it appears (incidentally, we have no right to expect it to appear at all

height of craftsmanship—all the same, we know that other good things came later. These are remarkable examples of that very rich and complicated fashion which can be so boring if it is carried out by incompetent designers, and which, I suggest, is a little unpopular to-day, because so many mediocre silversmiths tried their hands at this sort of thing during the nineteenth century and failed miserably; largely because their imagination was uncontrolled. These caddies are as neat and workmanlike as the simple Charles II. castor, and their extraordinary elaboration does not seem in the least out of place, because it grows naturally out of their form and does not give the impression of having been stuck on haphazard.

Take now two pieces of furniture: here in Fig. 3 is the style, adapted for work in wood, of the tea-caddies, and here again, for all its broken lines, is an essentially simple form upon which the carving seems to grow without effort. I happen to admire this without wanting to live with it; to me the bookcase of Fig. 4, about thirty years later, is a more logical, "cleaner," comelier structure—and this also was doubtless greeted when it first appeared as the finest sort of bookcase ever made, or ever likely to be made.

What it comes to is that my friend, whose mind ceases functioning after about the year 1800, goes through life with his head turned permanently backwards—an uncomfortable position which automatically cuts him off from a great deal of fun. Surely at least half the interest in the study of the art of the past consists of the light that study can throw upon the art of to-day and to-morrow. It is true the light is dim, which is just as well, for there's nothing like moonlight if one is looking for romantic adventure.

It is really remarkable that, in a century which, from the scientific



THERE's a theory held by many people—and it was flung at me very eloquently quite recently—that Art has long since reached its apogee, and that the work of the past can never be improved upon. That seems to me a very rash assumption, based partly upon Spengler's "The Decline of the West," and partly upon a misunderstanding of what Art is. Perhaps we are going steadily downhill, both morally and aesthetically, and perhaps Epstein is *not* a better sculptor than Michelangelo. I don't say he is—indeed, I don't think he is, though some of my contemporaries do—but what I really object to is the use of such words as "better" or "worse" or "improvement." I don't believe we ought to use such words at all in this connection, any more than we ought to speak of "the grand scheme of evolution" when we want to describe the slow changes of natural phenomena. Artists worthy of the name are not better or worse than one another, but

different, seeing the shape of things with an intensely personal vision and setting it down with more or less success: the touchstone of their success or non-success is surely whether they accomplish their intentions, not whether those intentions happen to please us. I have a suspicion that the view that the ultimate ideal of perfection has already been attained has been a delusion of mankind from the dawn of history. Can't you hear the old-fashioned people in the Low Countries talking among themselves before a Van der Weyden, and



1. SILVER OF A COMELY SIMPLICITY: A CHARLES II. CASTOR; DATED 1672 AND BEARING THE MAKER'S MARK, "W.C." (5½ IN. HIGH.)



2. SILVER OF INTRICATE BEAUTY: A RARE SET OF THREE TEA-CADDIES CHASED IN ROCAILLE STYLE WITH SHELLS, CARTOUCHES AND CHINOISERIE ORNAMENT—IN THEIR ORIGINAL CASE; BY PAUL LAMERIE AND DATING FROM 1739. (CADDIES, 5½ IN. HIGH.)

more than once or twice in a century); but it is certain we shall never recognise it if we think it must assume a form which is merely a re-hash, as it were, of the past.

And what, pray, has all this to do with the illustrations on this page? Simply this: that if my argument is sound, it can be applied to ordinary humble household utensils and furniture as well as to what are normally referred to as great works of art; what applies to very subtle and inspiring things can apply also to odds and ends made for day-to-day use. (I hope this won't shock collectors of old silver who have a glass-case complex—these pieces, rare though they are now, were simple articles of commerce in their time.) One could, of course, go to any fine collection and pick out examples to illustrate the point I'm trying to make, but just to show that I haven't gone carefully round and chosen pieces specially for the purpose, here is a casual little collection taken haphazard from two forthcoming sales at Sotheby's (the silver on Nov. 17, and the furniture on the 19th). There's not room for more than four photographs, but they are sufficient.

If the buyer of Fig. 1, the little castor, bothered to think about the matter at all, he might very well have decided that here was the perfect form for the business of sprinkling—serviceable, plain, discreet, yet with just enough ornament (two bands of rope moulding, and cinquefoil piercing) to delight the eye; we could forgive him for going further and announcing rather pompously that at last—in the year 1672—English craftsmen had designed something which could not be bettered. But styles are not better or worse; they are merely different. (True they can be pleasing or unpleasing to each generation or individual, but that's a matter of taste, not of quality.) You have a totally different style in Fig. 2, the set of tea-caddies of 1739, and once more it is easy to imagine dozens of people, both then and now, thinking that here is the final topmost



4. FURNITURE IN THE RESTRAINED TASTE OF THE LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A MAGNIFICENT ADAM SECRÉTAIRE-BOOKCASE IN MAHOGANY, INLAID WITH SATINWOOD AND OTHER BANDINGS. (10 FT. HIGH.)

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby.

angle, is busily engaged in probing the depths of the universe, a pessimistic doctrine which presupposes a negation of the arts should find supporters. What should we think of the engineer who solemnly asserted that there was nothing more to learn about the secrets of flight? And suppose John Constable had decided that Claude and Poussin had long before said all there was to say about landscape? And if Goya had given up in despair because Velasquez was a consummate portrait-painter? Why, it's an absurd heresy—so go to it, young man—outpaint Constable and Cézanne, if you can, and out-cabinet-make Chippendale; you'll very likely fail, but your sons or grandsons may succeed.



3. FURNITURE IN THE ORNATE TASTE OF THE MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A CHIPPENDALE CIRCULAR WINE-TABLE, WITH ITS CENTRE FORMED AS A STAND FOR A BOTTLE WITHIN A CIRCLET CARVED IN HIGH RELIEF. (31 IN. HIGH.)



EAST MEETS WEST

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HARRODS

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"YES AND NO," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

AS regards its action, this is sheer farce. The author, however, has such a turn for natural dialogue, and an eye for character, that it can very well pass for what is called "comedy." The scene is a country rectory, and the incumbent is at work on his sermon. He is shown to be short-sighted and extremely absent-minded, and also (though we are left to assume this), having regard to his noisy household, he enjoys the inestimable advantage of being deaf as well. While he is writing, his elder daughter, Joanna, is vigorously rehearsing the melodrama in which she is to appear shortly at the village hall. Her mother is "hearing" her lines while running-up a pair of pyjamas on a sewing-machine. The younger daughter, Sally, is putting in a heavy bass accompaniment on the piano to one of her own compositions. Into this somewhat violent household a young man named Adrian, on the eve of sailing for Persia, strolls, with the vague idea of proposing to one of the rector's attractive daughters. For a reason that is peculiar to mother, while also understandable to others, Mrs. Jarrow decides it is her elder daughter the young man wants to marry. So the stage is set for such a proposal, and the unwanted characters steal off into the garden. The author shows us what would have happened if Joanna had said "No." In the next act he shows us the result of her saying "Yes." For a finale he gives us an Epilogue showing what actually happened. In its light-hearted way this comedy appears to be "up Mr. Priestley's street," for it seems that, whether a girl replies "Nay" or "Yea," the result is the same. The play is perfectly acted. In proof, after the first act many people were audibly wondering whether Mr. Robert Eddison's performance as a somewhat chuckle-headed, well-intentioned, gulpy-throated curate was a magnificent piece of "type-casting," or a gorgeously funny bit of acting. One found out later that it was a clever piece of acting. Miss Diana Churchill was brilliant as Joanna; her scenes with Mr. Denys Blakelock, when, having said "Yes," she felt "No," were acted as convincingly as they were written.

"LES FOLIES DE PARIS ET DE LONDRES," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

After seeing this new playhouse, one must pause to give the architect, Mr. Robert Cromie, a word of praise. Rebuilding on the old site, he has not only

doubled the holding capacity of the theatre, but has made it one of the loveliest and most comfortable in London. One can only say that Mr. Robert Esdaile, the managing director, is probably wise in continuing "Non-stop" at its wildest and non-woolliest. There is colour in this show; rather vivid, maybe, but definitely suited to the taste of those who love a pantomime transformation scene. Mr. Peter Haddon is one of the three star comedians. One must, naturally, excuse his paucity of material, but can one pardon his impersonation of the late Maurice Farkoa while singing "I Love You in Velvet"? Surely he must know someone old enough to be aware that M. Maurice Farkoa was the Maurice Chevalier of his day, and certainly did not prance around the stage in a ginger wig. A small matter, maybe, but Mr. Haddon had so little else to do, he might have done this little better. A newcomer, Miss Collette Lyons, made a distinct success. She sang a rather naughty little song, "Men, Men, Men," in the naughtiest possible way.

BOOKS OF THE DAY—(Continued from page 805.)

in "A BROWNING HANDBOOK." By William Clyde de Vane, of Cornell University. With Frontispiece Portrait of the poet (Murray; 12s. 6d.). In his note on Browning's poem, "Old Pictures in Florence," the author recalls the line referring to "Sandro . . . chivalric, bellicose," thus attributing to Botticelli a stronger character than Signor Venturi allows him in the first book mentioned above. "The poem," writes Mr. de Vane, "is the product of Browning's assiduous study of painting and painters as he found them in Florence and in Vasari's great biographical work. . . . At the close, Browning unites the two halves [of the poem] by a prophecy—that some day Italy will be free; art will flourish again." Explaining the scope of his own work, Mr. de Vane writes: "I became convinced that what Browning scholarship needed most of all was the assembling and arrangement of all the pertinent facts concerning each one of the poems; and to accomplish this has been the aim of the present work. The task has been too huge to be done perfectly, but it has been done painstakingly." The author adds that, in order to show the development of Browning's thought, he has followed Charles Lamb's wise dictum concerning Wordsworth's classification of his poems: "There is only one good order, and that is the order in which they were written. That is the history of the poet's mind."

Experiences of an Englishman in Italy a few decades after Browning's time, and allusions to the art treasures of the Vatican, are contained in an interesting book of reminiscences called "PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE." By William Bliss (Witherby; 8s. 6d.). Through his father, who was the first English investigator of the Vatican archives, the author spent much time in Rome in the 'eighties, had several audiences with Pope Leo XIII., and possesses many memories of other famous people. Among them is the present King of Italy, who as a young man used to receive instruction from the author's father in English literature and history. "I like to believe," writes Mr. Bliss, "that some of the talks my father had with him upon constitutional English history and the true wisdom of kingship, stood him in some stead when, in October 1922, he had to make the most momentous decision of his life. I like to think that they helped him then to refuse the dictation of his ministers—that *canaille* of parliamentary self-seeking and ineptitude—to sign the decree declaring martial law, which would certainly have plunged his country into a horrible civil war, but chose rather to entrust the one man who apparently could govern with the reins of Government. . . . And I do not think, whatever the newspapers and some (but not all) of the Fascists would have you believe, that King Victor Emmanuel III. is even now without power and influence, or that either Italy or Mussolini, strong man as he is, could yet safely dispense with the House of Savoy."

In conclusion, I would recommend to readers interested in Italy, ancient and modern, three other books of high value and distinction—"GREECE AND ROME." A Selection from the Works of Sir James George Frazer, O.M. Chosen and Edited by S. G. Owen, late Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford (Macmillan; 2s. 6d.); "THE FOUNDATIONS OF ROMAN ITALY." By Joshua Whatmough, Professor of Comparative Philology in Harvard University. With twelve Plates, eight Maps, and 148 Text Illustrations (Methuen; 25s.), a work of outstanding historical importance; and, lastly, a revealing study of a famous modern Italian dramatist—"LUIGI PIRANDELLO." 1867-1936. By Walter Starkie, Professor of Spanish and Lecturer in Italian Literature in the University of Dublin; author of "Raggle-Taggle" and "Don Gypsy" (Murray; 5s.). This last work draws a penetrating comparison between Pirandello and Bernard Shaw.

C. E. B.

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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

BY EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THE CHARM OF SICILY.

FOR those who wish to winter in a climate which resembles, very nearly, that of a genial English late spring, though with more sunshine and clearer skies, and certainly with a more equable temperature—frost being almost unknown—the island of Sicily is ideal, and it has the great advantage of being comparatively near to London, since the journey thither, by the London, Paris, Milan, Rome, Naples, and Messina route, occupies only forty-four hours, whilst the route via Naples and Palermo, with the longer sea crossing, takes but forty-six and a quarter hours. Apart from its climatic attractions, the island has flora of great beauty, with a wealth of species. The countryside is one of great charm, for Sicily is a land of agriculture, and it has fertile farms, fine fruit orchards, groves of orange, lemon, and citrus, and extensive vineyards. Its peasantry is one which has retained a good deal of its individuality, and some of its local colour in costume. In many parts, the Sicilian coast-line is one of striking grandeur, and the island has an agreeable undulating aspect, whilst, dominating its eastern half, the inspiring, snow-capped peak of Etna has a beauty which, in itself, is sufficient inducement for a visit to Sicily.

Then there are the enthralling historical associations of the island. Phœnician traders settled there and gave way when the Greeks came—to build cities which, headed by Syracuse, once successfully challenged the might of Athens, and of which wonderful ruins exist to-day at Syracuse, Segesta, and Agrigento. Later came Carthaginian invasions, stirring up strife among the Greeks in Sicily, until their defeat by the Romans in the First Punic War brought all Sicily under Roman rule, which lasted until the fall of the Western Empire, when Sicily was brought under Byzantine rule, and remained so until it was conquered

by the Saracens in the ninth century. In 1061, Count Roger of Normandy broke the Saracen power and won the island for Norman rule, and for over two hundred years it knew great prosperity. During this time, the famous Frederick II., Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, inherited the Sicilian crown, and his Court in the island was one of the most brilliant in the whole world. The French Angevins endeavoured to make Sicily a province of Anjou, but a terrible massacre of the French in 1282,

sixteen years after the establishment of Angevin control, brought French rule to an end. The House of Aragon, in Spain, gave Sicily its next rulers, and the Aragonese ruled the island, independently, until, in 1713, the Duke of Savoy obtained it, only to transfer it, in 1718, to Spain, by which country it was handed over to Austria in 1720. Eighteen years later it fell to the Spanish Bourbons, whose terrible misgovernment led, in 1860, to the expedition of Garibaldi and his heroic "Thousand," who captured

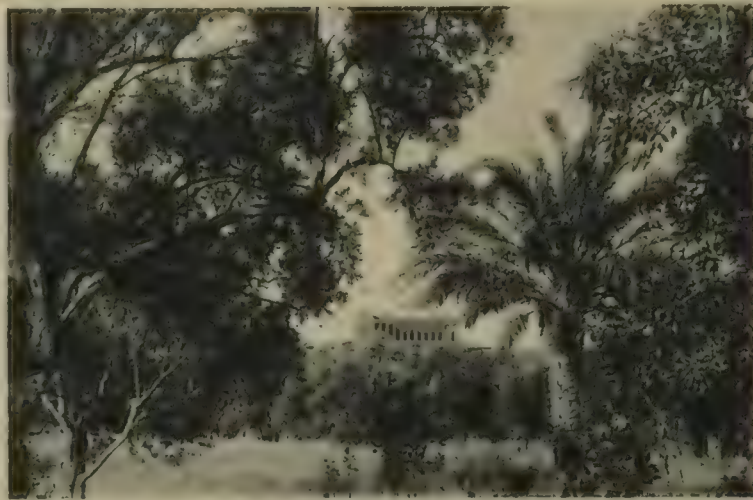
Sicily and paved the way for its entry, later, into the United Kingdom of Italy.

There are several exceedingly attractive holiday centres in the island. Palermo, the capital, has a beautiful setting of fruit orchards and lemon groves, backed by rugged mountains; whilst it has fine modern hotels, with a bright social life, good facilities for amusement and sport, including golf, with a seaside suburb, Mondello, where sea-bathing can be had throughout the winter. It is also a city of great

general interest, with lovely parks and magnificent old buildings, of which the most remarkable are the Royal Chapel, the finest example of Arabo-Norman art in Sicily; the Cathedral, built by the English Bishop, Walter of the Mill; the Church of San Giovanni degli Eremiti; and the Church of La Martorana. A short distance from Palermo, by electric tram, is the Cathedral of Monreale, the most beautiful Norman building in Sicily, with mosaics covering a surface of 68,000 square feet, and magnificent bronze doors of the twelfth century. From Palermo one can also go to see the splendid Greek ruins of Segesta and Agrigento. In Syracuse, on the east coast, a very pleasant centre for a stay, there are wonderful remains of the days when it was the largest of the Greek cities on the island. Thirty miles south of Messina lies Taormina, in a situation of great beauty, with charming views of the lovely bay below, the blue sea beyond, and the distant grandeur of snow-capped Etna, seen from the stately ruins of the Græco-Roman temple which overlooks this Sicilian paradise. Taormina has amenities which make it very attractive, and there can be no spot more fascinating in which to escape from an English winter.



SHOWING ETNA IN THE DISTANCE AND THE FINELY-CURVED BAY BELOW: A VIEW OF LOVELY TAORMINA.



FRAMED IN A SETTING OF LUXURIANT VEGETATION: THE RUINS OF THE GREEK TEMPLE AT AGRIGENTO, SICILY.—[Photographs by Enit-London.]

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

A LARGE number of the mechanics and workmen in the various motor factories visited the annual Motor Show held this year at Earl's Court. They came to inspect the results of their own craftsmanship and that of their rivals, so as to be able to compare one with the other. Two of these motor mechanics attended at the offices of the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., in the Exhibition building, to receive a tribute paid to their efficiency and technical knowledge. Captain J. P. Black, the managing director, presented the two silver trophies—the Captain J. P. Black Cup and the Standard Motor Cup—to G. T. Evans, of P. W. Barker's, of Worcester, and to F. J. Andrews, of K. and J. Motors, of Bromley, Kent, respectively, as the mechanics who had earned the maximum of marks during the series of service lectures and demonstrations held at the Standard works at Coventry during the year. Mechanics from over two thousand distributors and dealers in Standard cars competed for the awards, and, as a matter of fact, this was the third occasion on which Andrews had won the Standard Motor Cup. This competition is part of the after-sales service run by Standard Motors, who are particularly keen on proper attention being given to their cars by their agents. So the creation of the special service education department at the works, attended by dealers' mechanics, ensures that these workmen have that intimate knowledge of these cars which enables every Standard dealer to give after-sales service as good as if the car was overhauled by the factory. That made this presentation a matter of public interest.

Nowadays, motor-car electrical storage batteries have so much additional work to do besides engine starting and supplying electric current for the lamps, that firms like the Chloride Electrical Storage Co., Ltd., who make the well-known Exide cells, now

supply their Exide "double-life" car battery with a two-years' unconditional guarantee in order that motorists can have full confidence in these electrical accumulators. With some 600 Exide service agents established in the United Kingdom and Ireland,

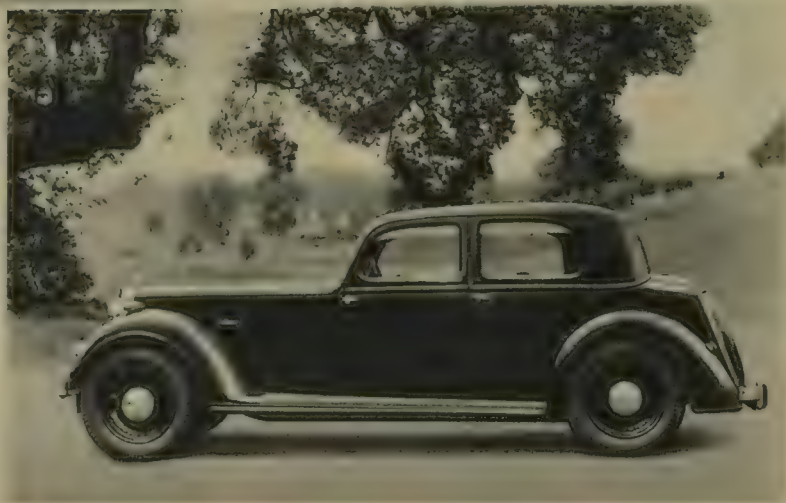


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motorists are sure to find one near their home to see that they start the winter season with the battery in its best working condition. The Exide long life is largely due to the double separation of the plates, which practically obviates the possibility of internal short-circuiting of the plates and consequent damage. In any case, motorists should call on one of these service agents to inspect the battery of the car, as long, dark hours and

shorter light ones, plus cigarlighters, electrical windscreen wipers, rear-blind operators, hood-raising and division window lifting or lowering entails much extra load on a well-trying accessory.

There were a large number of hospitable functions during the recent annual Motor Show period, and at one of these, given by the Vacuum Oil Co., Ltd., a new Mobiloil "Arctic" lubricant was introduced, after it had been well tested in the National Physical Laboratory, and by the R.A.C. at Brooklands. This new oil has been introduced to the public as equally suitable for motor-cars all the year round, whether for warm or cold months. Once having washed out and cleared the sump of its old oil and refilled with this new, lighter oil, the car owner has no further bother, however changeable the temperature of the atmosphere. Mobiloil "Arctic" flows at 36 degrees of frost. Also, the "Arctic" oil in a 25-h.p. Vauxhall travelled 1004 miles at 64 m.p.h. with a high lap-speed of 76.1 m.p.h. round Brooklands during the heat-wave in August, and the oil was perfectly good at the finish. Cold cannot gum it up, neither can heat break it down. So it is what is termed a double-range oil. My advice to all car-owners is to try it in their cars, and then they will form a practical opinion for themselves of its qualities.



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cap



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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

MISS EDITH SITWELL'S first novel is, naturally, a book of uncommon interest and distinction. Here we have the poet working in a fresh medium, and the adventurer in eccentric byways exploring the enigma of Jonathan Swift. Her flexible, darting art plays upon his life and the scenes with which she has surrounded it. She has transported him from the past to the present age; a characteristically individual departure that serves to direct his satires—and her own ironical wit—on the contemporary herd. We see his childhood as it is mirrored darkly in his memory—cold, threadbare, and loveless. He is a young man when he first appears. Swift had never doubted his own greatness; his hunger, then as thereafter, was to be loved because love is belief, and to bend it to his will, to seize it for a symbol of destiny overcome. He was already conscious that he lived alone with the black, uncontrollable power within that might destroy him: the man who of all men needed love was withdrawn from it, to live and think and hope alone. His relations with Stella and Vanessa are sensitively incised; and sharp-edged contrasts heighten their tragedy. Esther is followed into the depths of her desolation. She is on a railway journey, jostled by the holiday crowd. "Time beat upon her heart. . . . This alone was true in all her life, that he did not love her, had never loved her." She was overhearing idly the vapouring of a man and woman on the opposite seat, each trying to impress the other. "To Essy, listening from the centre of her misery, it was like listening to the speech of an animal; the words came from another state of being." "I Live Under a Black Sun" penetrates as far into Swift's mystery as human perception may, and magical pictures drift across it: the forest of spring blossom, the sun of dawn over gauzy fields, the universe of wind and rain in which the echoes of his madness are answered by the final darkness.

"Starting Point," by C. Day Lewis, is another book written with a poet's sensibility. Mr. Day Lewis's mastery of dialogue presents the characters; nothing could be more cogent than the manner of his approach to the main action by way of the Rabelaisian voices heard at an Oxford cocktail-party. Of the four undergraduates who progress to the impact of the General Strike and the problems of their generation, one is gripped in his own egoism and perishes miserably; one takes flight from realities in self-dramatisation and disappears into a monastery; one, the married man, is a Communist sympathiser whose nerve breaks when the capitalist threatens him with the loss of his job. Anthony, the principal figure, forges through his experiences to active



CONSECRATING THE NEW COLOURS OF THE 1ST AND 2ND BATTALIONS THE ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS AT ALDERSHOT: THE COLOURS BEING PLACED ON THE DRUMS FOR THE CEREMONY, PERFORMED BY BISHOP JAMES DEY, ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP-IN-ORDINARY FOR THE BRITISH ARMY.

The Duke of Gloucester, on behalf of the King, presented new Colours to the 1st and 2nd Battalions The Royal Irish Fusiliers in the Throne Room at St. James's Palace on November 1. This was believed to be the first time in the history of the British Army that two battalions of one regiment, other than a Guards regiment, had received new Colours on the same day and at the same place. On the previous day the Colours were consecrated at a special parade at Aldershot.

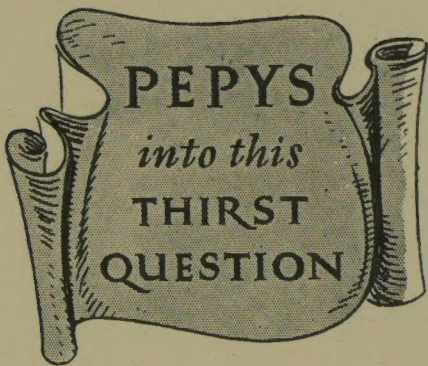
membership of the Party, and is left looking forward to the day when the toilers who have built their lives into its foundations will guide the world. "Starting Point" is brilliant fiction and dexterous propaganda.

Mr. Wells's "Brynhild" plays as comedy. Brynhild is a charming and intelligent young woman who had married a popular author early and for love. Rowland Palace thought himself to be a reserved, amused, and benignant person, and from behind that façade he tampered with the enthusiastic young, students and such like, who revered him as a leader. Brynhild knew her temperamental Rowley better; but she was growing up slowly, and she was essential to him—besides, so far she had not appreciated that their childlessness, arranged for his selfish convenience, was robbing her of the fulfilment of her womanhood. A *poseur* is only safe with his wife as long as she loves him; and Brynhild made the discovery that she no longer loved Rowley. By the time he had, in a fit of nerves about his popularity, engaged the blatant Immanuel Cloote to boom him, she was ripe for independent action. A genuine man came her way. Their love-affair was brief; but it gave her the child she fathered on Rowley, and she saw to it that he added a legitimate family. He was, you see, left undisturbed by shattering revelations, and Brynhild had satisfied her urge for self-expression. She had, Mr. Wells observes, become a normal adult with a façade of her own. The argument in "Brynhild" may be debatable, but Mr. Wells lays about him with great spirit and joviality.

"Who Would Have Daughters?", by Marguerite Steen, would have been better for compression. A suburban family is placed under the microscope. Every shade of Mr. Anerley's peacocking vanity and Mrs. Anerley's middle-class inhibitions is exhaustively traced. They were affectionate parents, and the fate Miss Steen has devised for them seems unduly calamitous, even though their fatuities produced morbid reactions in the children. Flora, the eldest of their three pretty little girls, defied repressions, and had to be married at seventeen in a hurry that deceived nobody. Ellen, the clever one, developed into a neurotic, possessive spinster. The gentle Mavis suffered agonies in a passionate war romance, after which Ellen closed in upon her. Mrs. Anerley petered out as a nervous invalid, and the bewildered Daddy was killed in an air raid, dashing from cover to save an unknown child. Flora found the war to be woman's opportunity; but then she, the glacial beauty, had long since climbed out of the suburban cage.

Mr. Brett Young carries us back a hundred years to the period when the Enclosure Act was dispossessing the cottagers and a brutal penal code was being savagely enforced. John Oakley, a young Worcestershire worker, had attempted to stay an eviction. The local squire laid him by the heels over a poaching affray. An innocent man, he was sentenced to transportation for life. He escaped from the horrible convict ship in South Africa, and was caught up into the Great Trek and the bloody fighting between Dingaan's Zulus and the Boers. The story is romantic adventure; the material of which it is woven is history. Mr. Brett Young, as always, writes with vision, whether of humble folk struggling to liberty

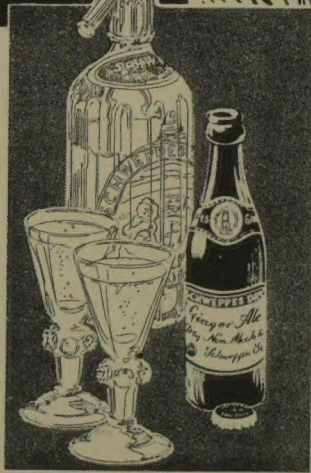
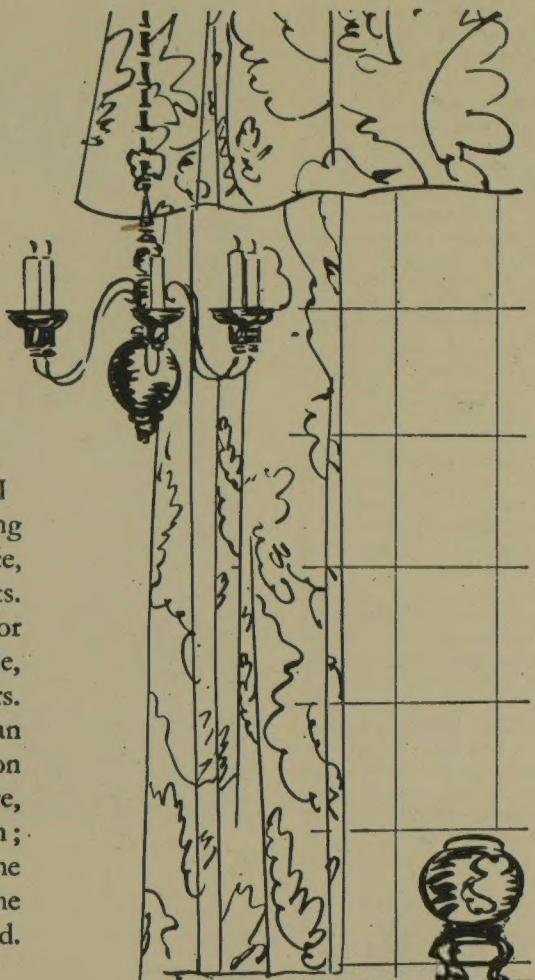
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OCT. 30TH

After dinner come Dr. Barlow and his wife to play at Contract Bridge. Mrs.

Barlow very full of the latest West End success ; but I could wish that she had kept her mind to card-playing more and to play-acting less, since she revoked twice, whereat I did assume soft smiles to hide my harsh thoughts. Thereafter, I having proposed drinks and the Doctor choosing Whisky and Soda and the ladies Ginger Ale, I fell to talking upon the Art of choosing Table Waters. In which the Doctor and I agreed well: viz., that a man of true and tried palate knows there be as true distinction in Table Waters as in Wines or Ales. Furthermore, that Schweppes have some cunning and close tradition ; some secret way of winning that brave tang and livesome sparkle which at once please the tongue and placate the throat. Afterwards, two more rubbers and so to bed.



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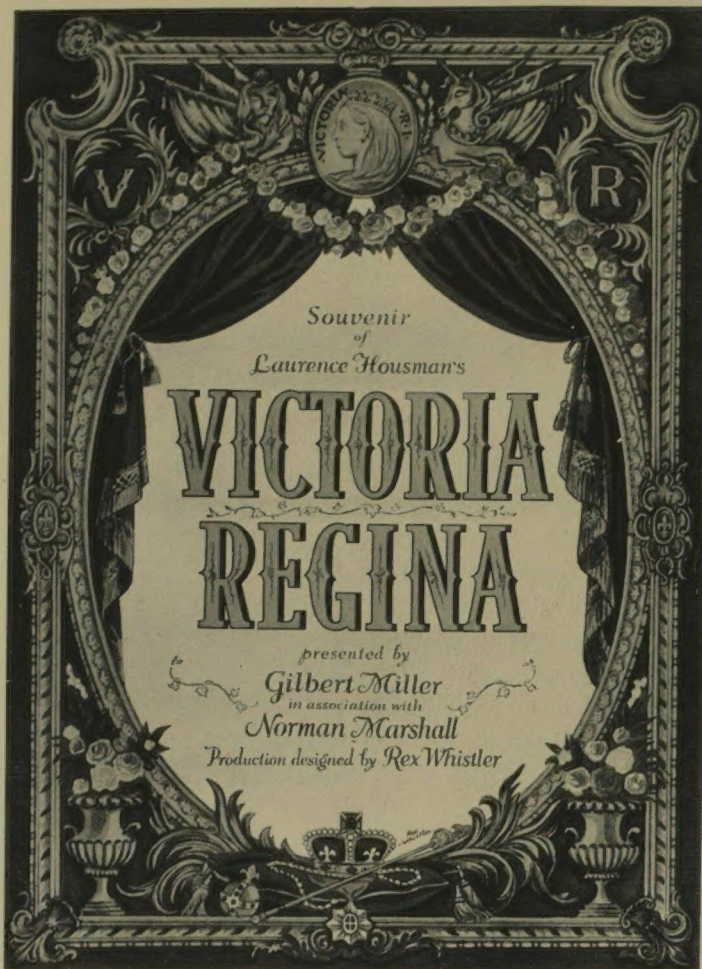
(Continued.)

or the Worcestershire landscape and the veld. It goes without saying that the fine craftsmanship of "They Seek a Country" sets it far above the mass of modern fiction.

It was a happy inspiration that prompted Mrs. Winifred Peck to write "They Come They Go," a chronicle of an English parish and its parsons, running from the last of the monkish order to a living Rector. The ghostly figures are revived: Brother Francis, so skilled in diplomacy that his office outlived the Dissolution, so cunning with his plants that their blooming survived down the centuries; the Reformation peacemaker; the Puritan fanatic; the scholar; the sporting Rector; the Tractarian saint. And now? The old Rectory is a roadhouse, the village a suburb of the sprawling town, the green has dwindled behind petrol-pumps and tea-parlours. So much for the progress that has squandered a heritage—and what that heritage stood for Mrs. Peck relates with sympathy and insight.

"There are Four Seasons," by Richmal Crompton, and "Rich Get Rich," by Helen Ferguson, have points in common. Both are imaginative and intense. Miss Crompton takes a stormy child and demonstrates how the years mould and tame her. It is a spirited portrait of a Victorian gentlewoman, whose life was more emotionally eventful than her grandchildren would ever know. Miss Ferguson gives us a dreamer at cross purposes with his temperament. Swithin believed wealth and leisure were essential for him to live freely and truly until he married a millionaire's daughter, an unfortunate experience that convinced him all rich people were full of fears and tyrannies and limitations. His conversion to Communism followed, and he proceeded to find happiness by living in a cottage, quite alone and practically penniless. He had explained his wealth complex to the female Comrade who loved him, and when he died in an accident she felt he had given his life for the cause. There is something very strained about this, and Swithin's concentration on himself is not attractive. But the plot is vivid, and occasionally dramatic.

After "Rich Get Rich," the naïveté of "The Heaths and the Hubbells," by Nelia Gardner White, is refreshing. Two young American girls take the familiar wrong turning. The well-to-do citizen's daughter's baby is hushed up and left at the nursing home to be adopted. The poor man's daughter braves the scandal and has hers cheerfully in the family circle. And a beautiful



PUBLISHED TO MARK THE 150TH PERFORMANCE OF "VICTORIA REGINA": THE COVER DESIGN, BY REX WHISTLER, OF THE ADMIRABLY PRODUCED SOUVENIR OF THE PLAY.

Both in this country and in the United States, "Victoria Regina" has made theatrical history. In New York it achieved 517 performances and was seen by 650,000 people. To celebrate its 150th performance at the Lyric Theatre, in London, a very effective and profusely illustrated souvenir has been published by Gilbert Miller and Norman Marshall. This souvenir exhibits an unusually high standard of printing and reproduction. In addition to pictures from every scene of the play, and an illustration in colour of the impressive final scene on Diamond Jubilee Day, it contains an illuminating article by Laurence Housman, the author, and another by Pamela Stanley, who takes the part of Queen Victoria. The souvenir is on sale at the theatre at the price of one shilling.

baby it was; and welcomed by everybody whose opinion really mattered. A straight, likeable story, dignified by simple characterisation and compact expression.

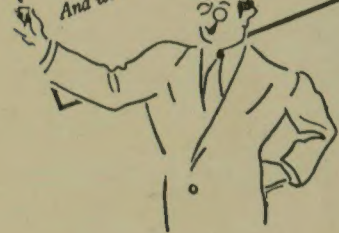
Simplicity there is, too, in W. F. Morris's "No Turning Back," the hearty simplicity of hairbreadth escapes and cargoes of gold, which are always good, sensational copy. Mr. Morris brings them up to date in the Spanish War. This is a book for boys that older people with a taste for robust excitements will be likely to enjoy.

And so to the detective novels, where the thrills are of another sort. The Anthony Berkeley is quite the most original murder story we remember reading. "Trial and Error"—that is the title—enshrines Mr. Todhunter, whose generous instincts prompted him to commit murder and voluntarily confess to it. There he came up against a stone wall, for Scotland Yard would have none of his confession. He is admirably drawn; one can find a weak spot or two in the plot, but Mr. Berkeley has armour-plated the altruistic elderly killer whose case makes legal history. Miss Eberhart's "The Pattern" is what her name on the title-page ensures—a fine-spun, intricate pattern of crime and mystery. We are not so sure Cameron McCabe's "The Face on the Cutting Room Floor" will hold its readers equally well. Mr. McCabe has been too busy being clever to keep the story tense, and tension is essential in a crime novel.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- I Live Under a Black Sun. By Edith Sitwell. (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)
 Starting Point. By C. Day Lewis. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
 Brynhild. By H. G. Wells. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)
 Who Would Have Daughters? By Marguerite Steen. (Collins; 8s. 6d.)
 They Seek a Country. By Frances Brett Young. (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.)
 They Come They Go. By Winifred Peck. (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.)
 There are Four Seasons. By Richmal Crompton. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
 Rich Get Rich. By Helen Ferguson. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)
 The Heaths and the Hubbells. By Nelia Gardner White. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)
 No Turning Back. By W. F. Morris. (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.)
 Trial and Error. By Anthony Berkeley. (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.)
 The Pattern. By M. G. Eberhart. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
 The Face on the Cutting Room Floor. By Cameron McCabe. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)

A glass is good, and a lass is good.
 And a pipe to smoke in cold weather.
 The world is good and the people good,
 And we're all good fellows together.



To the land
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When you are merry and all around you are merry too, mark the occasion well by a toast drunk in this fine Cherry Brandy. Its glorious colour seems to hold a thousand jewels, its flavour is like soft words on the tongue. It was to achieve this matchless quality that the experience of two centuries has been blended into its making. Your wine merchant will supply you with a bottle at your request.

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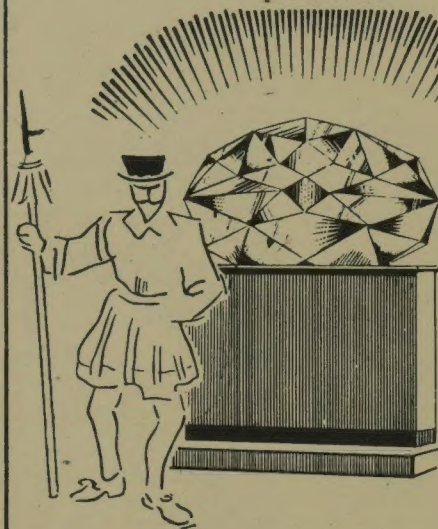


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Cyprus, 1934, set 11, 1c. to 45p.	16/-
1928, Anniversary to £1	65/-
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1923-33, set 10, 1d. to 5/-	16/-
1935 Silver Jubilee Set, Unused	£22 10 0
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1937 Coronation Set, Unused	67/6
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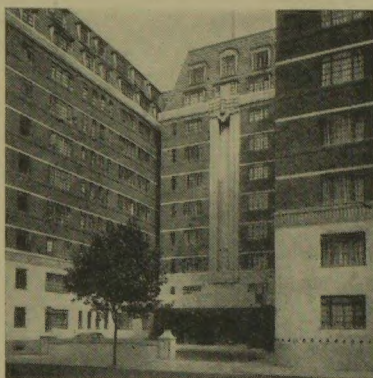
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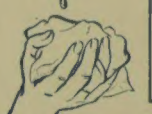
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